Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH 1828. [NUMBER 1967.

EDUCATION SOCIETY.

ON Sunday Morning next, the ANNUAL SERMON in behalf of the Society will be preached at St. Thomas' Church, by the Rev. T. CARR. After the Sermon a COLLECTION will be made.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society will be held at the Girls' School, Byculla, on TUESDAY, the 19th Instant, at 10 o'Clock in the Forenoon.

The Honorable the Governor in the Chair.

T. CARR,
Secretary.

Bombay 11th February 1828.

TRAVANCORE

Government Advertisement.

THE Public are hereby informed that the PEPPER of TRAVANCORE, will be disposed of till further Notice, on the following Terms; viz.

For quantities under One thousand Madras Candies, the Price per Candy of lbs. 500, at Madras Rupees Eighty five, and for one thousand Candies and upwards, eighty Madras Rupees per Candy.

It is not however intended to preclude the reception at Allepey of direct TENDERS for large purchases, such TENDERS not deviating materially from the above reduced Prices, payment being made in Cash—if in local Currency at the rate of 28½ Chuckrums the Rupee; the Madras and Bombay Rupee being also receivable at the same value.

In all cases, whether the Sales are arranged by the Agent, or on the spot, the Sircar will be at the expence of weighing and packing the pepper in the usual manner in mat robbins, and of providing boats to carry it along side of the Ship, in the roads of Allepey; the pepper being at the risk of the purchasers as soon as it is removed from the Sircar Godowns, when receipts must be granted for it.

Reference may be made either to the Conservator of Forests at Allepey, or to the Agents of the Sircar, at the several Presidencies. Application may also be made to the conservator at Allepey for Teak TIMBER, Cardemoms, Ivory &c. the produce of TRAVANCORE.

N. B. It is usual to dispose of the Cardemoms by the Candy of 600 lbs.

VEMATA ROW.
Dewan.

TRAVANCORE,
17th January 1828.

Advertisement,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT the ASSESSOR'S BOOKS of ASSESSMENT, for the years 1828-29, upon the Houses within the Limits of the Town of Bombay, will lie open to the public inspection at the Assessment Collector's Office in Meadow Street, for one month from this date; during which period, and no longer, appeals will be received.

B. NOTON,
Clerk of the Peace.

BOMBAY,
6TH FEBRUARY 1828.

જાહેર • ખબર *

ઞા•લબેઞાથી•ખબર• આપીઞિએ• શી•મુમબઈ• શેહેરની•હદમાંનાં• ઘરોનાં ટાકશ•ખાપ્યદ•સંબં• ૧૮૨૮ તથા ૧૮૨૯ ની•દપ્તર• મોશનર• નોટન• સાહેબ• બે• હાલ•ટાકશાનાં•પઈશા•વગૅલ• ઠરેલ•ત્રણ શ્યીશમાં• શી•કોટ•પ્રયે•પરગણાનાં•દિવસ ને•રશને•ઉઘાડું•રાખુએ• ઞાજ•દંનથી•માશ• ૧ કિ•શ્રયી• બબોઈને•નપારવું•કોઈ નીં•નાહ્યાં•બદલ•નપારેનાં કિ• પાછિ•નીનાનો•મરજ•કરવો•કોઈ•નીં•ને મુદતમાં ઠરે—મુદત•પછે•શાંભલવાનો•નથી *

FRITH
Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
THIS DAY
WEDNESDAY the 13th Instant,
A HANDSOME NEW
TURKISH DRESS,
COMPLETE.

Nesbit Lane 13th February 1828.

This Day

WEDNESDAY the 13th Instant
FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.
THE UNDERMENTIONED GOODS,
VIZ.

RICH Imitation Shawls, Chintzes, Long Cloth, and other Piece Goods, Silver Epaulettes, China Table Mats, Wine Coolers, Buttons, Books, Gum Benjamin, some articles of Furniture and a variety of other goods.

AND

AT 12 O'CLOCK,
A BRACE OF VERY SUPERIOR
Arab Greyhounds,

Nesbit Lane, 13th February 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.
HAVE FOR SALE
IN THEIR AUCTION ROOMS.

A CHOICE Selection of New Books, which will be sold by Public Auction, This Day, WEDNESDAY the 13th Instant. Unless previously disposed of.

Nesbit Lane, 13h February 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

A FEW Bales and Carboys of Persian Tobacco, at 45 Rs. per Bale of 56lbs. or 1 Rupee per lb.

In carboy cut and prepared—10 Rs. per carboy.

ALSO
SEVERAL CALLEONS.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE AT BOMBAY.

Sheriff's Sale.

Seized by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias at the suit of JEHANGEER NOWROJEE AND NASSERWANJEE NOWROJEE.
against.
NUNDRAM SALIGRAM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT on Friday the 15th day of February Instant, at 12 o'Clock in the forenoon, will be put up to Sale by Public Outcry on the premises, 2 Cases of Long Cloth, at the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, the property of the abovenamed Defendant.

F. LEGGETT,
Deputy Sheriff

BOMBAY,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
12th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 14th Instant,
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
FRESH
ARAB HORSES;
Saddle Horses,
BUGGIES & HORSES
AND
Greyhounds,
AS FOLLOWS.
A
FRESH BAY
ARAB HORSE
HEIGHT 14—2
ANOTHER
HEIGHT 14—1
A
FRESH GREY
ARAB
HEIGHT 14,—
the above are just imported.
THREE ARAB
GREYHOUNDS.
per last Ship,
A CAPITAL
GREY ARAB
Saddle or Buggy
HORSE.

Eight years old, height 14-2, and parted with for no fault whatever,
A NEAT
BENGAL BUILT
DENNET
WITH A GOOD
GREY ARAB
Buggy Horse
AND
Harness.
ALSO
A LIGHT
SULKY
WITH A SMART
BAY PONY
AND
Harness.

Meadows Street 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 14th Instant.

A CASE of Fine Letter and Foolscap Paper.

A Double Barrelled Gun by Manton.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 14th Instant.

IRONMONGERY, consisting of Rat Traps, Corkscrews, Nippers, Curling Irons, Key Rings, Sword Swivels, Padlocks, Hinges, Buggy Lamps, Brille Ornaments &c.

Tea and Coffee Cups and Saucers, Hot water Plates, Shawls, and a variety of other articles.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A VERY GOOD
HALF PANNELLED
BUGGY,
Built by Stewart,
OF CALCUTTA,
A CAPITAL ARAB
BUGGY HORSE,
AND HARNESS,
PRICE Rs. 850;
ALSO
An English Built
CURRICLE OR BUGGY,
WITH A CAPITAL
GREY ARAB
Buggy Horse
AND HARNESS.

THE HORSE is a very fast Trotter and well known as the Property of a Gentleman lately returned to England.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
AN ELEGANT
Blue and White Gilt
DINNER SERVICE,
OF ENGLISH
PORCELAIN,
For 24 Persons!
PRICE Rs. 650.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
A CAPITAL
IRON GREY ARAB
SADDLE HORSE.
Five years Old, height 14 1,
PRICE Rs. 700.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs.

HAVE THE PLEASURE

TO EXHIBIT FOR SALE,

ON COMMISSION,

THE FOLLOWING

ELEGANT SELECTION

OF

CHINA ARTICLES,

VIZ.

SILVER.

A LADY'S WORK BOX,—Rs. 400.

IVORY WARE.

CARD Cases, each, Rs. 12, 18, 22, & 30
Wafer Stamps, each..... 5
Parasol Handles..... 13
Boxes of Whist Counters... 5 and 6½
Letter Folders..... 3

SANDALWOOD.

Card Cases, each....Rs. 20, 23, and 27

TORTOISE SHELL.

Card Cases, each, Rs. 24, 32, 53, and 59
Tooth Pick Cases..... 5
Square Snuff Boxes..... 28 and 36
Round.. Ditto..... 12, 34, and 38
Letter Folders..... 5
Figured Combs, 3 in a set, per set..... 24, and 25

MOTHER O'PEARL.

Card Cases, each..... Rs. 11½ and 13½
Letter Folders..... 3½
Lancet Cases, each.....4-2-0 and 6
Snuff Boxes,.....3½, 9, 20 and 30
Fans, each..... 16
White Feather Fans, each..... 6

Meadows Street, 13th February, 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A NEAT

BUGGY,

VERY GOOD

BUGGY HORSE

AND

HARNESS,

At the reasonable Price of Rs. 600.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE THIS DAY

EXPOSED FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

THE FOLLOWING

ELEGANT

China Articles,

VIZ.

A SEED Coral set—Consisting of Negligee, Comb, Hair Ornament, Bracelets, Brooch and Earrings Rs. 240
White Cornelian Necklace &c. &c. 260
Large Amalakite Ditto Ditto. . 225
Small Ditto Ditto. 185
Amalakite Armlet. 140

A VARIETY OF

RIBBONS,

FROM Rs. 1-2--TO Rs. 13 PER PIECE.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A HIGH CAST,

ARAB HORSE,

Warranted Sound and Gentle, and accustomed to carry a Lady,

PRICE Rs. 600;

ALSO

A LADY'S,

GREY PONY,

WARRANTED AS ABOVE

PRICE Rs. 150,

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

GENTLEMEN'S

BLACK HATS,

EACH Rs. 10.

THE above are manufactured on a new Principle and are extremely light.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A NEAT

ENGLISH BUILT

STANHOPE,

AND HARNESS.

PRICE Rs. 650.

Meadows Street, 13th February 1828.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On FRIDAY the 15th Instant.

THE REMAINDER OF THE STOCK IN TRADE OF

BOMONJEE NESERWANJEE,

CONSISTING of old Madeira in Pipes, Best English Brandy and Jamaica Rum in Bottles, Saddlery, Glass and Plated Ware, Stationary, and a variety of other Shop Goods.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On MONDAY the 18th Instant,

AT THEIR ROOMS,

PLATE, Plated Ware, Glass, and Queen's Ware, Wearing Apparel, a Saddle Horse, Tents &c., belonging to the Estate of an Officer deceased.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

FOR SALE.

AT THE GODOWNS,

UNDER THE OFFICE

OF

Messrs. Forbes and Co.

THE following WINES, Imported per Ship MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, from London, Viz.

" Champaigne, very fine, Rs. 65 per doz.
" Fine old Hock, 45 per do.
" Morrice's old Sherry. 30 per do.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

NOTICE.

IS Hereby Given, that Captain JOHN CROFT FALCONER, Administrator to the Estate of the late Captain JAMES W. FALCONER has granted unto CURSETJEE MANOCKJEE, Merchant of Bombay, full powers of Attorney for the settlement of these affairs; and the said CURSETJEE has therefore to request that all persons indebted to the said estate, as well as those who have claims upon it, will take immediate measures for the Settlement of the same.

TO BE LET.

ON MODERATE TERMS.

THE Lower Appartment of a HOUSE, No. 4., in MILITARY SQUARE, the upper part of which is now occupied by Captain WILLIAM POYNTON.—For further particulars apply to JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY, at his Office in Town.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Letters of Administration with the Will annexed of the Estate and Effects of JONES HAWKES, deceased, late a LIEUTENANT in the Military Service of the United Company of Merchants, of England, trading to the East Indies, on their Bombay Establishment, may be granted to MARTIN WEST ESQUIRE, Registrar of the said Court, all persons concerned therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 11th day of February 1828.

H. E. SOUTHOUSE,
PROCTOR.

TO BE SOLD,

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

AT THE DOCK BUNDER HEAD.

On SATURDAY the 16th of February,

AT NOON.

(IF NOT PREVIOUSLY DISPOSED OF,)

The Teak Bombay built Grab Bark

SHAH BYRAMGORE,

OF 217 $\frac{11}{94}$ TONS.

WITH all her Masts, Rigging, Tackle and Stores, complete, as she now lies in Bombay Harbour.

Twenty five per cent. of the money to be paid down immediately after the Sale, and the remainder by an approved Bill at thirty days from that time. The Bark to be at the risk of the purchaser as soon as knocked down.

A list of the Stores &c. may be seen, and other particulars learnt, on application to Captain BEYTS, on board; or at the Office of Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

London

THE FINE FAST SAILING TEAK BUILT SHIP

DUKE OF BEDFORD,

800 TONS,

John Morris,

COMMANDER.

(TO SAIL ON THE 25TH INSTANT.)

THE accommodations of this Ship are of a very superior description and elegantly fitted—will land Passengers at the Cape of Good Hope if required, and carries a Surgeon.

For Freight or Passage apply at the Office of MESSRS. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

(TO SAIL IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS MONTH)

FOR PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL.

THE FINE FIRST CLASS SHIP

GRECIAN,

BURTHEN 450 TONS.

Captain James Allen,

HER accommodation for Passengers are very complete, and plans of them may be seen on application to Messrs. DIROM CARTER AND CO.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

BLANK BILLS of Exchange.
Powers of Attorney.
Interest and Respondentia Bonds.
Policies of Insurance
Bills of Lading.
and
Price Current.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

For Freight to Penang,

MALACCA AND SINGAPORE,

THE FAST SAILING

BRIG HEBE,

OF 200 TONS,

R. Heaviside,

COMMANDER,

APPLY TO Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER, AND CO.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

For Passage to London

THE FINE NEW SHIP

LADY FEVERSHAM.

500 TONS

George Adler,

COMMANDER.

HER Cargo being engaged, she will have an early despatch.—This Ship is elegantly fitted up, and carries a regular Surgeon.

Apply to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Bombay, 13th February 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Letters of Administration of all and singular the Goods, Chattels, Rights and Credits of JAMASJEE RUSTOMJEE, late of Bombay, Parsee Merchant, deceased, may be granted to SORABJEE JAMASJEE AND CURSETJEE JAMASJEE, the Lawful Sons of the said JAMASJEE RUSTOMJEE, deceased; all Persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 5th February, 1828.

MORRIS AND PUGH,
PROCTORS.

જાહેરખબર *

શ્રી પ્રમાણે વાલો મરનાર વેપારી પારશી જંમાશજી જશનંશજી માલ ઝી લધનું અપદતીયાર નામ સેવાશઠે શ્રી મુબઇની જુડીશ્યટરની પ્રુપરીમ કોર ટમી કિ પ્રરનારનાં જીકરાજી નામિ શી ફરાશજી જંમાશજી તથા ખરદેદજી જં માશજી કિ મરજ મીમુછિજે હુમુન મલે કિ વાશતે શરવે લોકો હિનાં ખાણસ નાહીકિ નિશાંમેનિ જહેરથાર્ક

નારીખ ૫ શ્રી દેપ્રવારી ૧૮૨૮

મારીશ તથા પીક
કોરટનાં વકીલો

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Honorable the Governor in Council

BOMBAY CASTLE, 31ST JANUARY 1828.

No. 41 of 1828.—The Governor in Council has received from Major General Sir Lionel Smith K. C. B. Commanding the Poona Division of the Army, a report by Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, Commanding in Candesh, of the inspection and review of the Bheel Corps, which was raised experimentally in 1825 for the purpose of aiding in the Civil Police duties of that province, and principally with the view of reclaiming the Bheels from their wild and hitherto untractable habits.

The Governor in Council has marked with peculiar interest the gradual progress of this Corps to its present state of efficiency; for the prejudices, mistrust and uncivilized habits of the Bheels opposed no ordinary obstacles to its formation and organization, especially in the earliest stage of recruiting; but the able manner in which these obstacles have been surmounted by Lieutenant J. Outram 23d Regiment N. I. who raised and commands the Corps, has amply justified the confidence reposed in him by the Governor in Council in selecting him to undertake this task, which could only have been brought to its present successful result by a peculiar combination of firmness and kindness of temper, and perseverance on the part of the officer to whom so important and delicate a charge was assigned.

The valuable testimony contained in Colonel Campbell's report with regard to the discipline, interior arrangements, and general efficiency of the Bheel Corps, affords the Governor in Council the highest satisfaction; and he cannot give a fuller proof of the confidence he reposes in this singularly formed Corps than in now authorizing its details to be employed in relieving the regular Troops from some of the numerous and important out-posts throughout Candesh, in such manner, and to such extent, as may be considered expedient by the local authority of the district.

Bombay Castle, 31st January 1828.

No. 42 of 1828.—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to announce, that the General Order No. 154 of 1826 is not intended to authorize the erection of sheds for Regimental School Rooms, until an estimate of the expence likely to be incurred by the measure shall have been sanctioned in each case.

No. 43 of 1828.—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to publish in General Orders such part of the Act 7th George IV Capt. LVI as relates

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

to the payment of the allowances of the Civil and Military Officers of the East India Company dying whilst absent from India as follows.

Representatives of Officers dying during a temporary absence from their Station, may receive salaries to which such Officers would have been entitled 33 G. 3 C. 52.

III. And whereas, by an Act passed in the thirty-third year of the Reign of His late Majesty King George the Third, intituled an act for continuing in the East India Company for a further term the possession of the British Territories in India, together with their exclusive trade, under certain limitation; for establishing further Regulations for the Government of the said territories, and the better administration of justice within the same; for appropriating to certain uses the revenues and profits of the said Company, and for making provision for the good order and Government of the Towns of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, it was enacted that if any Governor General, or any other officer whatever in the service of the said company, should quit or leave the Presidency or settlement to which he should belong, other than in the known actual service of the said Company, the salary and allowances appertaining to his office should not be paid or payable during his absence to any agent or other person for his use; and in the event of his not returning back to his station at such Presidency or settlement, or of his coming to Europe, his salary and allowances should be deemed to have ceased from the day of his quitting such Presidency or settlement, any Law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding: And whereas it hath happened that officers, as well Civil as Military, in the service of the said company, who have quitted the Presidencies or settlements to which they respectively belonged in consequence of ill-health, with the intention of returning to their stations at such Presidencies or settlements without proceeding to Europe, have died during such temporary Absence within the limits of the said Company's Charter or at the Cape of Good Hope, And whereas it is just and reasonable that the representations of such officers should be entitled to the salaries and allowances of such officers from the time of quitting their stations, be it therefore enacted, that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Company to cause payment to be made to the Representatives of officers in their service, Civil or military, who having quitted or left their stations, and not having proceeded or intended to proceed to Europe, but intending to return to their stations, have died, or may hereafter happen to die, during their temporary absence within the limits of the said Company's charter, or at the Cape of Good Hope of such salaries and allowances, or such portion of salaries or allowances, as the officers so dying would have been entitled to if they had returned to their stations.

Former Payment confirmed.

IV. And whereas certain Payments have heretofore been made under the circumstances aforesaid, be it further enacted, that all such payments so made shall be deemed and taken to have been legally made; any thing in the said recited Act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding; provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend to authorize the said Company to make any such payment to the representives of any such Officer who shall have quitted or left his station prior to the second day of May one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

In confirmity with the above Act, and in order to relieve Officers absent on such certificate from the embarrasments to which they are subject in raising funds during their absence, the Governor in Council is pleased so far to relax the existing orders, as to authorize the allowances to which such Officers may be entitled during absence to be drawn by their Agents at Bombay on the production, and up to the date, of a life certificate to the following effect, signed by any two public functionaries at the place where such absent Officers may be residing; but on security being given by such Agents to refund the whole or any portion of the same which may become forfeited by the absentee, in case of his proceeding to Europe or not returning to his station as contemplated in the Act of Parliament, or any Clause of existing Regulations.

FORM OF CERTIFICATE.

"We, the undersigned, do certify on honor, that (enter name and rank) of the Bombay Military Establishment is now living at this place.

Signed A B } Name and
———C B } Designation.

Cape of Good Hope }
(or as the case may be) }
Date of month and year }

Bombay Castle, 1st February 1828.

No. 44 of 1828.—With the sanction of the Right Honorable the Commander in Chief in India, the following appointment is made on the personal staff of the Hon'ble the Governor.

Captain Sir Alexander Campbell, of his Majesty's 13th Dragoons, to be Private Secretary,—Date of appointment 1st November 1827.

Bombay Castle, 2d February 1828.

No 45 of 1828.—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council has been pleased, in the Marine Department, to appoint Assistant Surgeon John Ross to the Medical charge of the Hon'ble Company's Cruizer Thetis.

No. 46 of 1828.—An arrangement by which Captain F. Schuler of the Artillery was appointed to act as Commissary of Stores in the Poona Division of the Army from the 25th of December to the 15th January last, during the absence of Captain W. K. Lester on leave at the Presidency, is sanctioned,

Bombay Castle, 5th February 1828.

No. 47 of 1828.—The following appointments are made at the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

19th Regiment N. I.

Lieutenant J. A. Eckford to be Adjutant, vice Cooke resigned,—Date of appointment 27th January 1828.

20th Regiment N. I.

Lieutenant G. L. Westley to be Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee Language, vice Candy resigned,—27th January 1828.

Lieutenant H. Coventry to be Interpreter in the Mahratta Language,—Ditto.

By Order of the Honourable the Governor in Council
W. NEWNHAM,
Chief Sec.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR.

May I take the liberty of observing that the word "bully," as used by Johannes Secundus, is used only in the sense in which gentlemen's sons at public Schools apply it amongst each other. It merely means an overbearing tyrannical boy.

PHILO-JOHANNES.

BOMBAY, FEB. 10TH 1828.

RHAMA BEN JABUR.

Of all the Pirates who infested the Gulf of Persia, none was more dreaded than the Chieftain with whose name we have headed this article. Of a shrunk and diminutive person, one would think that by nature he was intended for anything but a hero, and you would be more inclined to offer him charity, than to defend yourself if attacked by him; yet with all these disadvantages he had a spirit fierce and unquenchable as the famished she hyæna—the bravest spirits quailed at his name, and when the natives would hear the ominous roll of his drum, they would fly before him, and running their vessels on shore, gladly purchase life with the loss of their cargo.

He used frequently to put his prisoners to death in cold blood, sometimes having the refined barbarity to *saw* their heads off.—Once he had some *religious* scruples about shedding human blood, and while this fit was on him, he made away with his victims by enclosing them in tanks and casting them overboard:

"Compounding sins he was inclined to
"By damning those he had no mind to"

On one occasion he detached a son of his to attack a vessel of superior metal. The young man fought with the utmost bravery, but as might have been expected, returned without his aim being accomplished—Rama was frantic with rage—no representation of the fearful odds—no appeal to the wounds which he had received, could have any effect on the stern Buccaneer; and in the fiery agony of fury and defeat, he ordered him to be cast into the sea as a fearful quickening to the courage of his retainers.

By frequent sabre wounds he had lost the better part of the bone of one of his arms, and he supplied this defect by a species of silver pipe or spring by which he could open and shut his hand at pleasure—and so shrewd a squeeze could he give with it, that few who shook hands with him desired a repetition of the civility.

The story of his death would furnish material for the finest poetry—A town in which he was interested being blockaded—he was descried by the besieger attempting to send relief into the place, who instantly sent a ship to attack him. Rama fought with his usual fury till most of his men were killed.—He was at this time nearly blind, and perceiving his affairs desperate, he got one of his men to guide him to the powder magazine, and taking a torch in one hand and his little son in the other, blew up the ship—destroying many of his enemies at the same time.

Fearless he grasped the torch without a sigh
Determined not to live in slavery:
Come my brave boy, he said, you oft did share
With me, the triumphs and the joys of war:
Oft have we made the trembling caitifs yield;
Oft have we chased them o'er the reeking field,
And shall we now surrender liberty
To such as these? No! let us still be free,
He said, with iron like nerve the train he fired
And having fearless lived he fearlessly expired.

A. Mc. A.

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

A LEGEND OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

I.

I sing a man—no man of arms was he,
No sighing lover to his mistress true:
My theme is not of love or chivalry,
But of a blacksmith yclept John Cardew.
His father was—but that has nought to do
With this our story—so we'll let it pass:
That he was born is quite enough for you
Good gentle reader, so pray fill your glass.
I'd like to have your spirits above zero
Before I introduce you to our hero.

II.

He was an Irishman—most modern bards
Would here break forth into a declamation
On Erin's wrongs, & spend some thousand words
On that eternal theme emancipation.
All this I leave to those who rule the nation,
Whether in ale house or in Parliament,
And will proceed at once with my narration,
The muse her aid most kindly having lent;
For tho' somewhat 'gainst rule, I did envoke her
Before I put my pen upon the paper.*

III.

Our hero never thought about to-morrow;
"Sufficient for the day"—you know the rest—
That was his text—When he could beg or borrow
His health with working hard he never stressed,
But aye the bottle lovingly caressed,
And drank and laughed away from morn till night—
The rising run saw him go forth—the vest-
—al moon convoyed him home with her chaste light—
Of work our hero never thought at all,
Until his score grew large and credit small.

IV.

Then frowned mine host, and shut the hostell door
When he approached, and talked of debts and law
And Jails and Sheriff Officers—no more
The foaming tankard waiting him he saw—
A heavy sigh, imprimis, he did draw,
And then he d—d the churl's b——y eyes;
Swore by his fist he'd fight him for a straw,
And then in mournful mood to bed he hies—
That night at half past twelve, in by the roof
The devil came—John knew him by his hoof.

V.

"How are you John?' quoth he,—"I'm very well"
Our hero answered, "hope your honour's so;
"And how is all your family in hell?
"You'll surely taste a drop before you go?"
The fiend shook his head—"Before cock crow
"I must be far from this beyond the sea,
"But list—while I a small proposal show:
"If when seven years are past you'll go with me,
"During that time I'll let you have your fill
"Of drink"—"God bless your honour that I will."

VI.

But first, I should have sung, how John one day
Did shoe an old monk's horse, and waiting stood
To get his fee—"My son," the priest did say
"Silver or gold I have not by the rood—
"Nay frown not, I will give you what's as good,
"Three wishes—what you please—come speak your mind,
"My name's St. Peter"—here John humbly bowed,
"I'm sure your reverence is very kind—
"May they who grasp this hammer ('tis good stuff)
"Work on like devils till I cry enough."

VII.

"Granted," said Peter—"secondly," said John,
"Your honour sees this two armed easy chair;
"May he who sits on it be kept thereon,
"As long's I please, tho' he should writhe and tear
"Like a fierce lion bearded in his lair"—
"You have your wish—What next? come quickly speak it"—
Quoth John, "when I put money in my pocket,
"Until I say come out may it there stay"—
Saint Peter nodded, and slow rode away.

VIII.

John spent the seven years in purest bliss—
He drunk from matin till the vesper song;
But fleeting is all earthly happiness,
And the said day came round at last ere long—
"Come," quoth the devil, "come John, come along,
"I cannot stay," "Be easy sure my dear,
"I ca'nt conceive—you are so very throng—
"I'll be with you directly—never fear
"Take up this hammer, do my honey do,
"And bear a hand to finish this horse shoe.

IX.

He grasped the hammer—with his brawny arm,
And little dreaming of the treachery,
He banged away till he was pretty warm,
And wished to rest himself—Oh misery!
He could not stop—his arm did swiftly fly
As if ten thousand of his imps did pull:
He tried to laugh it off—but secretly,
He said, "By Jove I am a pretty fool,
"A good joke this, but stop my dear Cardew,
"My arm is breaking—stop, dear John oh do!"

X.

In vain he cried—John stood—with bitter grin,
Tipt him the wink, and said "encore my dear,
"I did not think such pith had been within
"Your sooty hide—work on and never fear,
"You'll make a famous blacksmith in a year,
"Nothing like practice"—here the devil cried
"I'll give you seven years more—to cease your jeer"—
John instantly the noisy spell untied;
Mahoun said not godbye—but in a blast
"Of hail and thunder from the smithy past.

XI.

These seven years flew yet swifter than the last,
And, punctual to a minute, stood Mahoun,
"Surely," qouth John the time is not yet past—
"I'm certain that your honour is too soon:—
"But if you say so—why this afternoon
"I'm ready to go with you—Here's a chair,
"Sit down your grace (I'm sure it's a small boon)
"Till I a bottle and a crust prepare
"To comfort us upon the road"—The devil
Sat down here—for at times he can be civil.

XII.

When John saw this—he chuckled in his sleeve—
"There's seven years safe"—"What's that" cried Nick "you say"
"Quoth he, 'altho' to pain you much I grieve,
"I'm thinking I wont go with you to day,
"So just amuse yourself as best you may"—
The devil smelt a rat, and tried to rise;
But much against his will was forced to stay—
At which he foamed, and fire flashed from his eyes,
He cursed our hero, and he cursed St. Peter
In oaths which will not fall into our metre.

XIII.

Suppose him free again—with seven years more,
And these all vanished—like smoke in the blast:
Mahoun this time would not come in his door,
But called him out and off with him did haste,
O'er hill and seas & valleys quick they passed—
Satan was petted, so he would not speak—
He had determined not a word to waste
On such a knave—but then John looked so meek,
Told stories and sung songs with so much art,
That in the end he gained the devil's heart.

XIV.

"Your honour, as I hear, can change your shape
"To what you please"—"true quoth old hornie true;"
And then he seemed a lion and an ape,
An eagle and an ostrich and cuttuw—
"But ne'er can I believe," said John, "that you
"Can turn to money—surely, sir, you cannot"
"Look here you doubter"—and forthwith he flew
Into his hand in likeness of a groat—
He pouched him eagerly, and in a giffy
He sought his native cabin by the Liffey—

XV.

Short is our tale—John kept the *ould one* safe
Till from his covenant he set him free—
He was to get as much as he could quaff
And all his life remain at liberty—
And tho' much nettled was Mahoun—yet he
Was glad in silence to wend home again,
And John his life did spend in revelry,
And while the breath was in him drank amain—
I had a moral, something 'bout a sot,
But which, by dire mischance, I have forgot.

JASPER.

* Query, Poker?—ED. GAZ.

SUPREME COURT.

SKETCHES OF NATIVE CHARACTER.

———forgive the wrong,
If, with grave truth, light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine.
Thou know'st that *thither* the world swiftest flies
Where *most* Parnassus thrills th' enchanted winds,
And that harsh truth in music's rich disguise,
Allures the covest—charms the lightest minds.
So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweetest nectar, pleased with what he finds
Round the smooth brim, the bitter he receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and thus deluded lives.

———Jerus. deliv. Canto 1.

On Wednesday the 30th January a native Drummer in the Artillery was placed at the bar charged with having, on the 29th December 1827 committed a high-way robbery upon the person of Bheema a fair Hinduwanee.

Then the crier lifted up his voice and said "Bheema woman! come forth," and forth Beema woman came and ascended the witness box. Her stature was diminutive and her features irregular, but these defects were amply compensated for, by a pair of black and scintillating eyes which Hafiz would have compared to those of the Gazelle and Callidas to the petals of a dark coloured Lotus—Without being beautiful she was interesting and though she had passed the grand climacteric of Indian beauties, twenty one, yet that she still possessed power to charm was evident by the havoc which ner left eye made in the heart of an honest gardener, who became her suitor after the death and roasting of her first lord and master. He did not indeed call her "my *crum*, my *crust*," "my *muffin*" my "*bread and butter*," for of these much loved objects he had probably never heard: neither did he address her as "my *ghee*," "my *bummalo*," "my *rice and curry*;" for sweet as he thought her, he had no intention of making his breakfast upon her. But he courted her in the pathetic and flowery language of Anthology: He told her that she was a *rose without a thorn*; that her face was more beautiful than the *golden Champa*, and her breath more *fragrant* than the blossoms of the *Jasmine*. He swore that though he had once *raked*, his mind was now *weeded* of every other affection; that she had *dug a deep hole* in his heart, and that unless she would allow him to *transplant* her into his *bed*, he should *wither* and *die* like a neglected *Passion-flower*.

Poor Bheema had naturally a heart as soft and tender as a *cowslip*, but the memory of her departed husband was too *deeply rooted* in her affections to be so easily *eradicated*. At first therefore she lent a deaf ear to the protestations of her new lover, or reproached him with his former infidelities. "Go" cried she in the language of Hector, "go beautiful rake—lovely deceiver: *Heterophutes* by trade, and *Heperopeutes* by profession; thy life has been divided betwixt *culling Sweet-William's*, and *gulling Sweet-Marys*—Mayest thou live without raising up a *sappling* of thy breed, and die without *grafting a scion on thy stock*."

———αιδοιαριστε, γυναιμανες, ΗΠΕΡΟΠΕΥΤΑ
Αιθ' οφελες τ' αγονος τ' αμενοι, αγαμος
τ' απολεσθαι

The *knave of spades* however was not discouraged in his determination to conquer the *Queen of Hearts*. He read somewhere or other that Hannibal melted the Alpine rocks by the application of vinegar, and he resolved forthwith to try a similar *chymical* experiment upon the affections of Bheema. In the choice of an *Alkahest* however he thought a *sweet* preferable to an *acid* as being more gentle in its operation. He plied her therefore incessantly with a *solution* of *Sugar*, and this *Saccharine saturation* succeeded so well that at the end of a week her dislike manifested evident symptoms of *decomposition*—in a fortnight her obduracy was completely *dissolved*, and in less than a month, by a consectaneous concatenation of Chymical causes, the memory of her *calcinated* husband was *precipitated* from her breast, leaving behind it nothing but a *caput mortuum*. *A sublimation* of the heart followed, superinduced by an *expansion* of the *Amorous Caloric*, and the *flama* of love which had been *neutralized* by the *absorption* of lugubrious particles was thus brought into reaction by a progress of *Alchymical rarification*.

If the truth must be told this miraculous conversion was not entirely owing to the power of Alchymy: the fact was, this gardener had been endowed by nature with a most tremendous pair of standing mustachios, "*steterintque comæ*." This young *shrubbery* of *oleaginous sprouts* had been sedulously *watered* and *clipt* by a very celebrated knight of the comb—no less a personage than Gaffer Clipspur of cock-fighting and hair dressing notoriety—a gentleman of multifarious professional acquirements, whose profound knowledge of every thing appertaining to *locks*, *cocks* and *wig-blocks* has never yet been equalled.

This master it was, who first cultivated the *nascent parts* of our hero—he it was

Who taught the young mustachio how to shoot:
'Tis *Education* forms the *tender curl*,
Just as the *down is bent* the *hair will twirl*.

No wonder therefore that mustachios so *classically educated* should attract such general admiration when their growth was matured—No wonder that they smote with terror every man, and inspired with love every woman who beheld them—Such was the case at last with Bheema—from a child she had been a passionate admirer of *labial fertility*—it was her decided opinion that

"*Mustachios* alone make the man"

and she turned with contempt from those *barren wastes where no verdure quickened*, to the contemplation of happier lips and more *prolific* faces.

With such susceptibilities, it was no matter of surprise that her heart was at length stolen by the gardener; and we know that

When once the young heart of a *widow* is stolen,
The widow herself will *steal after it* soon.

So fared it with our heroine; her passion for her lovers *tulips* rose at length to such a height that she stole out of her house one rainy morning and declared to our florist her willingness to cast aside her weeds and become his wife. An astrologer having been consulted to fix a propitious day for the wedding they were married in due form—he riding on a horse and she on a buffalo—Sweetmeats were circulated amongst all their friends and relatives, and the Brahmins came in for their usual share of alms and blessing money.

Behold Bheema then a blooming *flower-girl*, gay as the daisy, modest as the lily, and soft as the butter-cup. In this new walk of life she

looked forward no doubt to a continued succession of sunshine, without imagining that storms would ever intervene to chequer its serenity, or thorns spring up amidst the flowers that were scattered in her path. Alas! had she but taken the trouble to write a Mahratta letter to Tom Moore upon the subject he would have told her that

All that's bright must fade.
——that even in the sunniest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes.

As however she neglected to take this precautionary step, she was doomed to suffer all those evils which have been in every age and in every clime the unfailing concomitants of *Hasty Marriages.*

Such was the fate of the Indian Flora, who dressed in a violet coloured Saree, now came forward to "unfold a tale" of sorrows to the Court and Jury, and though we cannot pretend to follow her in every pathetic incident of her sad story, we shall endeavour to *cull* from it those which appear most striking.

Bheema was in the habit of going every evening from the green market in Bombay to her flower garden at Suree, and of coming back in the morning---to the latter place she took oil cake and bran for her buffaloes ---to the former she returned laden with milk for children, and flowers for young maidens. On the fatal day when she was robbed she had set out rather late; for when she was passing the Tank at Parell *six o'clock struck her.*

For some time she pursued her way without fear or apprehension; for innocent herself, she had not yet learned to distrust others.

She never once suspected that there were such sad people as thieves in the world, or that any class of men were of such an irrecuperably amourous complexion as to fall instantaneously in love with golden chains and silver bangles. As she advanced however her mind began to misgive her—for the evening fell darker and darker, and the faint light of the stars scarce enabled her to distinguish her way through the mazes of the thicket. Still she endeavoured to preserve her firmness and pressed on with a stone in her hand, for the *Beasts of the Desart* were in motion and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of *rats* and *cats*, *bandicoots pariahs.* "All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded her:" the winds roared in the woods, and the cocoanuts tumbled from the trees.

We are now hasteming to the catastrophe of our melancholy story.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now"

Three robbers sprung from the thicket where they had lain concealed like tigers watching for their prey. One of them, the prisoner at the bar knocked off her head—the basket, which contained her milk-pots, and placing one hand upon her throat, with the other covered her eyes. Bheema now seeing that all was lost, uttered not a word but cowered down in silent resignation to her fate—the other two immediately set to work and plundered her of all her Gold and Silver *Joys*, not excepting even her nose-ring, a sort of *preventive* ornament *very necessary to the Wife of a gardener.* This done they took to their heels; and the prisoner at the bar taking up the pots scampered off with his share of the booty.

Freed from the apprehension of personal danger, Bheema now gave vent to her long—restrained feelings, and set up a loud howl of "chor! chor! chor!" These words she repeated in so many various cadences of voice, so many different modulations of harmony, expressive alternately of pathos, anger, energy and despair, that at one time they might have been taken for the exquisitely plaintive falls of an Irish melody; at another for the terrific swell of an Indian war-whoop: now they rose wild and solemn as a funeral dirge, and now they sunk into wailings low and indistinct as the mutterings of a charm. Orpheus did not mourn with deeper pathos the loss of his Eurydice than did Beema the abstraction of her ornaments. The anguish felt by Lucretia for her ravished virtue, fell short of that endured by Beema for the rape perpetrated upon her milk pots.

Thus sorrowfully sighing,
Upon a cold grey stone,
Now singing nd now crying,
Poor Bheema sat alone,
Saddening the rocks and mountains with her moan.
The cats and every body
Wept when they heard her songs;
The Brabs shed tears of toddy
Over the maiden's wrongs;
The pariah dogs were moved, and held their tongues.

Qualis populea mœrens *Philomela* sub umbra
Amissos queritur felus; quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit---*at illa*
Flect noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

It happened most providentially, that Bheema's husband was at this critical moment, returning to Suree with an acquaintance whom he met on the road: alarmed by the cries of a female in distress they hastened to the spot, when who can paint the dismay and astonishment of the Gardener, to find his own beloved sitting upon her haunches and dropping tears, like a drooping lily after a severe thunder storm,—"Two thieves" said she in answer to his enquiries, "have plundered me of my jewels, and there, is the third making off with my milk pots"—A pursuit immediately commenced, and the prisoner having stumbled, fell into a pit, and was apprehended with a pot in each hand.--- Bheema picked up the other which had been dropped, and proceeded to Suree laden with her recovered property. The prisoner was taken that night by her husband and his friend to the Government Chowkee, and the next morning was conducted to the Mahim Police Office.—

Bheema swore positively to the identity of the prisoner, for she said she had managed to take a sly peep through his fingers while he held them over her eyes—It was in the bright half of the month, but the moon had not risen—

The moon hid her light,
From the heavens that night
And wept behind the clouds,
While poor Bheema was robbed.

She affirmed that from the place where she sat crying, she never lost sight of the prisoner, till he was seized with her pots in his hands. This, considering the inequalities of the ground and the windings of the path through hills and trees, must appear rather singular; but we suppose her eyes are gifted with the Hibernian quality of shooting round a corner. Be this as it may, the evidence of her husband and his companion was positive as to the state of the prisoner when apprehended.

The story told by the prisoner in his defence was that he had been drunk, that while in that state he had been beaten and robbed of his clothes, and that he had at last gone and laid himself quietly down to sleep in a hole and there slept till the last witnesses, when in pursuit of the *real* thief, stumbled unfortunately upon him and took him up for want of a better.—To reconcile this tale to the truth it would be necessary to suppose that he was in the habit of walking in his sleep, and that he had committed the robbery quite unconsciously while in this somnolescent state. He called a few witnesses who gave him a character for honesty, but added that, from his strong attachment to *ardent spirits*, he was constantly getting into rows.

The Jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced by the Court to seven years' transportation—We think we cannot offer a more appropriate conclusion to this tale than the following imitation of Moore.

The Flower Girl.

Rich and rare were the *joys* she wore,
And a bright gold ring in her nose she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
The costliest gems of Samarcand.

Flower girl! dost thou not fear to stray
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are India's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?

Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of India will offer me harm,
For though they love woman and golden store
Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more,

On she went, bnt her flowery smile
Could *not* light her safely through Bombay's Isle,
And now she repents for having relied
Upon Indian hono ur and Indian pride.

The last case of all tried was that of a poor Coolee, whom Bhowun, a Banyan, swore he had caught in the very act of carrying off a money box The Coolee however declared that this was a malicious, prosecution brought against him because he would not allow the Banyan to carry off his wife. The real facts of the case as finally elicited by the evidence were as follows. The prosecutor went one day to the house of a woman, to whom the prisoner had attached himself, and with whom he shared his daily earnings. Bhowan introduced himself with a chink of his purse, and offered her two rupees which she indignantly refused; because as she said, she had attached herself to another person, and poor though he might be, she would not be unfaithful to him for any other however rich. This refusal stung the pride of the purse-proud Banyan, who it appears was not accustomed to have his addresses rejected. He imagined that with a greasy pocket, well lined with rupees, & a greasy paunch, well lined with ghee, he possessed all the requisites for conquering the fair sex, little dreaming that they always prefer the unalienable advantages of courage, honesty and wit, to such casual and adventitious qualities as obesity and wealth.

At Beauty's door of glass,
Where wit and wealth once stood,
They asked her which might pass,
She answered he who could.

With golden key wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While wit a diamond brought
Which cut his bright way through.

Master Wealth, finding he could not pass with his *Silver* key, attacked poor Beauty with his *brazen* tongue, and levelled against her all those terms of abuse and vituperation which flow so readily from the lips of a hungry Brahmin or a full Banyan.

In the midst of this storm of invective, in came Wit, in the person of the Coolee,—Beauty hastened to greet him with a smile of welcome, and in that smile Lavater might have read

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari Capitis?

She then took a side peep into his basket to see how many pice he had brought home—Mean while our friend Wealth was ready to burst with vexation—"What, said he, "have your parents married you together that you are so very constant and exclusive? You Miss Beauty, are a great fool for your virtue, but as for you, Master Wit, if I do not take care of you for this business I'm not the son of a Banyan.' So saying he walked off, but he "*remembered not to forget*" to keep to his promise. For on that very night poor Wit got drunk, and while in the goodness of his heart he was treating every one to sugar cane at a shop in the street, Wealth and his satellites appeared. To drop the allegory, Bhowun and a gang of Banyans carried him off, beat him unmercifully, and taking him to the Chowkee, lodged a complaint of robbery against him. The Constable who took charge of him, deposed that he was not drunk, only a little tipsy, which he explained by saying that he was *just* able to stand without falling—that as long as a man could balance himself, however *titubatingly*, he did not come within the pale of drunkenness. This reminds us of old King Corney's definition, namely, "that no man could be said to be drunk as long as he could lie on the ground without holding it."

Bhowun found no difficulty in getting witnesses to swear to the theft, for we believe that in Bombay, men can be had who will swear to any thing at the very moderate rate of six pice a head; but thanks to the legal acuteness of the Court and the discernment of the Juries, such evidences generally do more harm than good to the cause they support. This was the case in the present instance; but among the measures taken by the prosecutor to prove the guilt of the prisoner was one which makes our very blood run cold, to think with what determination and cool villainy, these people can sit down to plot against the very lives of their fellow creatures—how circumspect while weaving the net of destruction round their victims, that every mesh should be complete.

Bhowun deliberately went to a man who polishes weapons and borrowed a dagger from him, under pretence that it was required in an approaching ceremony—this dagger he delivered over to the Police; and this dagger he and his accomplices swore they had found on the person of the Prisoner at the time of his apprehension; thus giving the crime they charged him with, a deeper shade of guilt. Their cunning however overshot the mark, for the man who had lent the dagger to Bhowun, came forward in Court and stated the whole affair, adding that when he went to demand it back he received a beating instead; thus this deadly blow, aimed at the innocence of the prisoner, recoiled upon his prosecutor, and tended in no small degree to exhibit the whole transaction in its true colours.

It is almost needless to add that the Jury acquitted the Prisoner—their verdict was immediately recorded, and his Lordship, the Chief Justice, after lamenting in the strongest terms, the frequent recurrence of prosecutions like the present, instituted merely to gratify a spirit of private revenge, ordered the poor Coolee to be set at liberty.

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight, 1 | 8¾ per Rupee.
Calcutta, at 30 days sight, 106 B'by Rs. per 0 | 0 Sas
Madras, at 30 days sight, at par.

Bazar value of Company's Paper.

Remittable notes 134 Bombay Rs, per 0 | 0 Siccas
Unremittable do. 105½ do. per 0 | 0 do.

Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 106 1 50 B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

Prices of Bullion.

Spanish Dollars 100 per 218 B'by Rs.
German Crowns 100 per 212 Ditto.

Government Loan.

Subscriptions to the present 5 per cent Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825. are receivable at the General Treasury at Bombay at the rate of 106¼. Bombay Rupees per 0 | 0 Siccas; being the intrinsic value.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

Wednesday, 13th February 1828.

The Free Traders Mountstuart Elphinstone and Lady Feversham have arrived from London since the publication of our last:—but as both these vessels left England on the 17th September, the same day as the Wellington which arrived at Madras several weeks ago, neither has brought any later intelligence than that which we have already laid before our readers.

By the M. Elphinstone, arrived Sir John Peter Grant, the new Puisne Justice, who took the oaths and his seat, under the customary salute, on the next day, Saturday the 9th Instant.

OBITUARY.

We are sorry to announce the death of Crites. It appears that he could not brook the unkind neglect of the Courier. Upon reading Saturday's paper he was heard to exclaim mournfully—*Et tu Brute!* He then took a sheet of paper and wrote the subjoined singular Epitaph upon himself in French, and breathed his last. His obsequies were performed yesterday. We attended; and observing the pall supported by six persons, we addressed the most intelligent looking of them to inquire their names. The person we addressed was singularly attired. He had a paper cap on his head, and all his garments were of the same material, apparently foolscap, and from top to toe, cap and all, were rendered black with ink. Our friend (for so we may call him) turned out to be the scape goat of the Courier Office, the Printer's Devil. He told us the two first pall bearers were The Editor of the Courier and his friend, who it appears is a native of Italy. The three others were Heperopeutes, Heteropoietes and Heterophutes (*qu: ετεροφυτευτης?*). They are three different persons of very indifferent characters. We asked whether they were natives of Greece—no more Greeks, said our friend, than I am.—They are from Barbary in Africa—and having been picked up at sea, somewhere off the straits of Gibraltar, worked their passage out to Bombay.

As the funeral proceeded, we perceived a splendid copy of Buchanan—opera omnia Edit. Ruddim: carried immediately after the body, and half concealed by a cloth displaying the coat of arms of the deceased.—The Crest was a Kylevine pen.—The coat—he beareth on a Field Gules, Three Asses proper rampant, surrounded by an escutcheon of pretence.—According to Gwilliam these appear to be the arms borne by the ancient family of the Dulphoolies of that ilk in Clackmannanshire N. B.—An epithalamium composed for the occasion by Heterophutes was solemnly chaunted by those assembled, to the tune of the Dead march in Saul. We thought we distinguished amongst the voices that of a female. Upon inquiry we find that *She*peropeutes or Mrs. *He*peropeutes attended and assisted with her vocal powers The Courier's Italian friend performed the tenor, but decidedly in the falsetto style

The following Epitaph, closely imitated from the celebrated one by Menage, with one remarkable variation, was found upon Crites' table It is written with a naivete and a compunctious veracity hardly to have been expected of him, unless *in extremis.*

Cy. Gît.
Le pauvre Crites,
Soi disant Juge des Auteurs Classiques
Qui ne fut rien
Quoique Academicien.

After having performed our mournful duty to the Public, by informing them of this melancholy and lugubrious event, it may be expected that we should offer them something in the shape of solace for their irreparable loss—but at such a moment the voice of Philosophy is silent and the fountains of consolation are dried up!—When common disasters happen, and ordinary individuals drop from the book of life, the sufferers can look abroad for pity and condolence;—but when an intellectual *gloom* has overshadowed our whole horizon,—when Despair, like the speechless rider of the paly horse, has fixed the universal gaze, each turns in vain for that comfort which none can impart—for all must be mourners where the calamity is general. —Yet if sympathy can aught avail—if streams of invisible tears,—if inarticulate sighs,— if the eloquent silence of voiceless lamentation, and the affecting tranquillity of inexpressible sorrow can soothe the heart of the afflicted,

Then, Child of misfortune, come hither,
We'll weep with thee tear for tear.

☞ *See Supplement.*

BOMBAY.—Printed for the *PROPRIETORS*, at the Gazette Press, No. 7, Bell Lane, by *THOMAS RIGBY.*

WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their stations are requested to give notice to the Printer to whom will pay due attention to their orders.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH 1828.

Instructions from the Court of Directors have very recently been received by the Supreme Government, announcing that the Division of Regiments is to have effect from the receipt of the Honourable Court's Orders at the several Presidencies, viz. At Bengal from the 1st May (as at present).—Madras on the 27th May, and at Bombay from the 1st June instead of 1st May 1824.—and that all Casualties in the Army, prior to these dates respectively, shall be filled up in old Regiments previously, to their separation.

These orders will we understand occasion some alterations here advantageous to Senior Officers, which evinces the Court's great consideration for their Old Officers—

In our last we were compelled, for *the first time during our Editorial career*, to be *really personal* in commenting upon the epithets "deliberate lies" and "dirty falsehoods" which the Editor of the Courier too obviously applied to ourselves. For this public insult we should have taken a private remedy, had we not known the utter hopelessness of obtaining satisfaction from him by such a course. In reply to our observations, the Editor of the Courier published an old correspondence between him and ourselves, which originated a demand by us of satisfaction for falsifying what we asserted, and terminated in the adjustment of the affair by the friends of the principals. This he did with a *precious knowledge* that our remarks were not intended to apply to the adjustment of *that* affair, and he has thus in our opinion most unnecessarily and most unwarrantably inflicted upon the public the perusal of a correspondence with which it was in noway concerned.

We shall not tire the patience of our readers by publishing or dwelling upon that correspondence, but in referring such of them as may be curious to peruse it, to the columns of the Courier, shall merely remark that the paper hastily drawn up by the friends of the principals, and published last Saturday, does not convey the precise understanding which was ultimately arrived at. The words "with bold that respect &c." alluding to the use of the surnames only, of certain high personages, without the usual addenda, were withdrawn, and these others "*intended to evince disrespect*" substituted in their place.

This alteration was probably not made in the paper published by Mr. Stocqueler, but it was agreed to on the part of his friend.

It appeared to us a contradiction in terms, to say, that the use of the names of ********* and **** in that "familiar way," a mode in which no other man on the Island is accustomed to speak of them, was not *withholding* that *respect* to which they were entitled; but we never could for a moment suppose, that Mr. Stocqueler intended *to evince disrespect* towards them.

We may also state, that the paper in question was made out after our positive refusal to withdraw the words "familiar way" used in the letter, which is numbered in the Courier, 7; and this explanation we deem the more necessary, as a report had gone abroad that we had made a concession upon the field, a thing diametrically opposed to the fact.—It was indeed intimated by our friend, and at our express desire, that no explanation could take place on the ground. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that our remarks in last Gazette did not apply to this stage of the affair, which was of course altogether in the hands of the friends of the principals, and which reflects in our opinion honour upon both. Mr. Stocqueler having been made fully aware, and in most undisguised language, of our real meaning, perversely, as we have already said, to the publication of last Courier, it is as unnecessary as improper to intrude it now upon the public.—Yet we must refer our readers to our pages of the 9th ultimo, in which we were compelled to stigmatize an assertion made by him in the Lis, (while we were absent from the Presidency, and when *he* had reason to suppose we should not resume the Editorial chair) as "scandalous and false."

We cannot conclude this nauseating subject without sincerely begging pardon of our readers, for intruding it upon their attention.—It has *from the first* been forced upon us by our Cotemporary, and it is from no dread of the consequences, nor apprehension of his resentment that we refrain from publishing a mass of matter with which we could overwhelm him.

We shall not probably have occasion again to notice the Courier, and we would willingly allow the *Editorial* justification in his last, to receive its full share of credit with the public—but having ventured to accuse, it will be expected that we should support our accusations—We are happy he is so satisfied with his Editorial career, and yet we cannot imagine the dissolution of the Chronicle and the Iris a manifestation of their march into public favor—We should wish the the Courier to prove that we have been "*completely humbugged*" by Heperopeutes—He has certainly been guilty of a deception in asserting that he had always signed himself Heterophutes; but further. the Courier has not been able to establish against him—We were warranted in believing his assertion true, by the fact of his pointing out a *real* error in the accentuation of the Greek word, according to which the spelling in Roman characters should be Eperopeutes and not Heperopeutes---The most erudite classic might have come to the same conclusion; but the *veriest school-boy* could at once have detected the nonsense which was palmed upon the Courier.

Has the Editor of the Courier no shame? has he no discretion? How can he attempt to reconcile his former hostility to the diffusion of knowledge with his more recent denial of that hostility? We did anticipate that he would "endeavour by some new twist or quibble" to do so; but were certainly not prepared for so wretched an exhibition of his Protean abilities---He declares, on the 31st July, his opposition "to the dissemination of science and knowledge" amongst operatives and the lower classes generally; and "CONCURS" in two articles levelled against them, which he at the same time republishes—the one headed "spread of science", the other "march of intellect"—and on the 22d December denies that he ever did so, and asserts that he only "*distrusted* the expediency of teaching artisans *to climb up poles and jump over posts*"—When we assert that he never wrote nor published one single article upon the subject of Gymnastics, he declares that what we say is "false", because the said article headed "spread of science" does, after condemning at some length, the dissemination of "general knowledge," advert in conclusion to Gymnastics—We confess we were not aware of this, for we had never taken the trouble to read such trash, but we can still repeat that he never published "one single article upon the subject of Gymnastics;" and, that in so far as his own Editorial observations go, he *never once alluded* to Gymnastics.

The Editor of the Courier may consider these "matters *trivial*," but he will find few to agree with him in such an opinion. In a place where only two papers issue during the week, it is a matter of some importance to the community to know the respective degree of confidence they can repose in each.

GUZERAT RACES.

1ST DAY TUESDAY 5TH FEB. 1828.

1st Sweepstakes of Rupees 500 P. P., for all Horses that have never started for Cup Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes 8st 7lb.—*Heats 2 Miles*

FOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Vibart's G. A. H. Lottery—1. 1.
" Forbes' G. A. H. Slygo—2. 2.

Lottery won both Heats easily 1st Heats 4—17—Second not taken.

2d—A Sweepstakes of Rupees 300 H. F., and 500 Rupees from the Fund, for all Horses that have never started for Cup, Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes.—weight for Age—*Heats 2 Miles.*

SIX SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Vibart's C. A. H. Bedlamite 8st 12lbs 1. 1.
" Forbes' G. A. H. Grimaldi 8st 12lbs 2. 2.
" Morris' C. A. H. Father Paul 8st 5lbs 3. 3.

Both Heats won by Bedlamite easily—1st Heats 4-11½—2d 4—12.

SECOND DAY.—THURSDAY 7TH FEB. 1828.

1st.—A Cup value 1500 Rupees: Given by H. H. the Guicowar, for all Horses that have never won Cup, Purse, Plate, Match or Sweepstakes—9 stone.—*Heats 2 Miles.*

Mr. Goodiff	C. A. H.	Last Hopes	5	3
" Forbes'	G. A. H.	Grimaldi	1	1
" Charles'	B. A. H.	Jeyran	4	5
" Stones'	G. A. H.	Spanker	2	2
" Morris'	C. A. H.	Father Paul	3	4

Grimaldi won both Heats with ease—1st. *Heats* 4-20—2d 420.

2d.—A Colts Plate of Rupees 400 from the Fund, and 75 Rupees each Subscriber—winners 7lbs. extra.—*Heats 1½ Miles.*

Mr. Stones G. A. F. Sylph — 7st 8lb. bolted
" Goodiff G. A. C. Stupid 7 12 1

Sylph bolted, leaving the race to Stupid, who was clever enough to win on three legs.

D. H. SHAW,
Secry.

From the Courier,

Bombay Races.

THIRD DAY.—5TH FEB. 1828.

FIRST RACE.

The Bombay Subscription Plate of £100 from the Fund and 100 rupees each Subscriber, for all Arab Horses, weight for age,—*Heats two Miles.*

Mr. Mansfield's	B. A. H.	Brilliant	Aged	9st.	0lbs.
Capt. Spiller's	G. A. H.	Bundoola	5	8	5
Mr. William's	B. A. H.	Wildrake	6	8	12
Mr. Elliot's	G. A. H.	Slyboot	Aged	9	0

Time, 1st heat 4 7
2d heat 4 8

This race was won in fine style by *Bundoola*. During a part of the first heat *Slyboots* held out hopes to his backers, but in the second was quite knocked up. In the second heat also *Wildrake* was drawn.

SECOND RACE.

A Match between Mr. Elliot's G. A. H. Honesty and Captain Moore's G. A. H. Emelius—*two Miles*,—P. P. Honesty 8st Emelius 8st. 7lbs.

Time, 4 4.

There was very little sport in this race. *Emelius* took the lead at starting, and managed to keep it all the way round.

THIRD RACE.

A Match between Mr. Gray's G. A. H. small Hopes and Mr. Norton's B. A. H. Darkness—½ *Miles*,—8st

Time, 3 8.

This was a capital race. The horses were in fine condition, and contested the heat famously, alternately passing each other. On reaching the distance post *Darkness* was visible a little ahead, but *Small Hopes* closed and rated it with him in capital style, winning close to the post by a neck.

FOURTH RACE.

A Match between Mr. Hunter's B. H. A. Pippin and Captain Graham's C. A. H. Satellite—*half a Mile*—8st.

Time, 58 seconds.

Won easily by Mr. Hunter's Pippin.

FIFTH RACE.

A Plate of 600 Rupees from the Fund and 5 Gold Mohurs each Subscriber, for all Arab Horses—*Heats two Miles.*—weight for age and Inches, 14 hands and aged, carrying 9 stone.

Capt. Moore's	G. A. H.	Emelius	Aged	8st. 12lbs.	4oz.
Capt. James's	G. A. H.	Renegade	6	9	0 7
Capt Brough's	C. A. H.	Little Tough	Aged	8	1 12
Mr. Huuter's	B. A. H.	Wanton	....	8	
Mr. Seton's	B. A. H.	Saladin	....	8	

Time, 1st heat 4 5½
2d heat 4 7

Emelius carried off the plate in two heats though somewhat pressed in the first by *Renegade* and *Saladin*.—In the second heat *Wanton* was drawn.

FOURTH DAY.—8TH FEBRUARY. 1828.

FIRST RACE.

The Forbes' Stakes of £100 from the Fund, and 10 Gold Mohurs each Subscriber, Arab Horses carring 9 stone, English Horses 12lbs. extra—*three Miles.*

Captain Moore's	G. A. H.	Emelius	9st
Captain Spiller's	G. A. H.	Robinson Crusoe	9
Mr. Elliot's	G. A. H.	Honesty	9
Mr. Erskine's	G. A. H.	Golightly	9
Mr. James's	B. A. H.	Buckeen	9

SECOND RACE.

A Sweepstakes of 500 Rupees each—Captain Moore's Stranger, Captain Seton's Saladin and Mr. Gray's Small Hopes—carring 8 stone—*Heats 2 Miles.*

Mr. Cray's	G. A. H.	Small Hopes	8st.
Captain Moore's	G. A. H.	Stranger	8
Mr. Seton's	B. A. H.	Saladin	8

THIRD RACE.

Ladies, and Batchelor's Purse, for all Arab Horses Rupees 800, and 5 Gold Mohurs each Subscriber—2½ *Miles heats.*—8st 7lb.

Mr. Mansfield's	B. A. H.	Brilliant	8st.	7lbs.
Capt. Spiller's	G. A. H.	Bundoola	8	7
Capt. James's	B. A. H.	Buckeen	8	7
Mr. Erskine's	G. A. H.	Golighty	8	7
Mr. Elliot's	G. A. H.	Emelius	8	7

FOURTH RACE.

A Sweepstakes been Mr. Chamber's Grey Pony Whilest Mr. H. Gordon's Bay Pony Robinson Crusoe, and Captain Moore's Grey Poney Slyboots—*one Miles and a half*—catch weights.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—Lieut. James Henderson, 46th Regt. M. N. I.
Lieut. C. J. Conyngham, 1st Regt. Lt. Cavy.
Lieut. Saml. Landon, 16th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. Col. J. Moose. 13th Regt. —
Doctor Lloyd, —
Cadet T. Morse, Infantry, —
Lieut. C. Thuillier, 2d Rt, Lt. Cavy. —
Capt. H. D. Robertson, 9th Rt, N. I. —
Asst. Surgn. G. J. Griffith, 2d Extra Batt. —
DEPARTURES.—Ensign W. Moore, Madras 21st Corps,
Major R. W. Flemming, 9th Regt, N. I.
Lieut. J. C. Heath. 5th Regt, N. I.
Lieut. H. B. Turner. Sappers and Miners,
Lieut. D. C. Graham, Bheel Corps,
Lieut. Thomas Candy, 20th Regt, N. I.
Asst. Surgn. Scoular, 18th Regt, Regt, N. I.
Surgn. Wm. Purnell, 3d Light Cavy,
Major J. Shirriff 2d Regt.
Lieut. Shortt, Acting M. B.
Ensign F. Burnett, 1st Gr. Regt,
Asst. Surgn. James Williamson,
Surgeon James Dow,
Asst. Surgeon B. White, Artillery,
Capt. Thos. Mylne, 1st Cavy.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

Pass.—8th Brig Hebe, (Free Trader) Capt. R. Heaviside, Com., from Calcutta left the Sand heads on the 24th Dec. 1827. Colombo on the 10th ulti.

7th Ship Golconda, Chas. C. Clark, Com. from China 18th Dec. and Malacca 1st Jany. 1828.

Do. Barque Alacrity, (Free Trader) John Findlay, Com., from Sydney 10th Nov. arrived at Tellicherry 20th Jany. sailed the 23d.

Do. Brig Margaret, (Free Trader,) W. Ferguson, Com. from Liverpool 26th Aug.

Do. Schooner. Hamido, Gawdey Syrang, from Columbo 23d Dec.

8th Ship Mountstuart Elphinstone, Alex. Hennings, Com. from London, Blackwall, 10th Sept. Portsmouth 17th do. Point de Galle, 18th Jany.

Do. Turkish Brig Futtay Sallum, Said Mahamed, Nacudah, from Calcutta 23d Dec. touched at Callicut.

9th Schooner Deak Charlin, O. Lepredeur Com., from Mauritius 26th Nov. Bourbon 2d Dec.

10th French Brig Voltigeur, T. A. Augur, Com. from Bourbon.

12th Ship Lady Feversham, G. Adler, Com. from London, and Cape of Good Hope 17th Sept.—Jany. 3d, spoke the Brig Childress, Porter Com. in Lat. 10-35-S. Lon. 73-12 East, bound to Calcutta, left the Ship Tyne, at the Cape.

Do. Brig Carthew, James Lindsay Com. from Calcutta the 8th Jany.

Passengers per Brig Margaret.—Lieut. Henderson, Madras Army, and Mrs. Henderson.

Per Mountstuart Elphinstone.—Sir J. P. Grant, Kt. M., Lady Jane Grant, Miss Eliza Grant, Miss Mary Francis Grant, Col. Jorse, Bombay Army, Mrs. Morse, Miss Isabella Gello, Miss F. Barre, T. W. Gardner Esq. Lieut. C. Thuillier, 2d Bombay Cavy. J. P. Grant Esq. Bengal C. Service, Doctor Lloyd, J. Caw Esq. Secy. to J. P. Grant,—Messrs. Giberne, Foster, Mann, Glasse, Bailey, Wormald, Cadets of Artillery, Messrs. Morse, Russel, Sproule, Peters, Cadets of Infantry, W. Dixon, F. Dixon, Miss M. Dixon, Landed at Point de Galle.

Per Ship Lady Feversham.—Lieut. Col. Maw; Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Child, Dr. Armstrong; Mrs. Chambers; and 3 native servants.

DEPARTURES.

Pass.—6th The Hon'ble Company's Cruizer Thetis, Lieut. R. Moresby Com. on a survey of the Laccadive Islands.

9th The H. C. Ship of War Amherst, Lieut. John Sawyer, Com., to Persian Gulph.

SHIPS LOADING.

Duke of Bedford for London.
English.—Clairmont for ditto.
Guardian for ditto.
Hebe, for ditto.
Grecian for Liverpool.
Bombay Castle, for China.
Solimany, for ditto.
Edmonstone, for ditto.
Mansoory, for Persian Gulph.
Dutch.—Raja Wali, for Batavia.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

FREE TRADERS.—Britannia, Sesostris, Grecian,
COUNTRY SHIPS.—Helen, Castlereagh, Glorioso, Oscar, Byramgore, Bannerman, Milford, Duke of Bedford, Earl Kellie, Ann, Asia Felix, Prince of Wales, Lowjee, Glenelg, Charles Forbes, Guardian, Solemany, Bombay Castle, Prome. Illustre Almeida, Caroline, Edmonstone, Clairmont.
Amherst, H. C. Cruizer.—
Incomparavel.—Portuguese.
Mansoory.—Arab.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.

JANUARY. 31st.—H. M. Ship Rainbow, Captain Rous, from Calcutta.
—Do.—Ship Hercules, Captain Wilson, from Canton the 25th December and Penang the 2d ultimo.

DEPARTURES.

JANUARY. 26th — H. C. C. Ship Childe Harold, for London.
— Do. — Ship Clyde, D. N. Munro, for do.
— 27th — Ship Colonel Newall, E. Daviot, for Colombo.
— 29th — Ship Fort William, James Neish, for the Malabar Coast and Bombay.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Rainbow, Captain Rous.
Ship Wellington, Captain G. Evans.
Ship Hercules, Captain Wilson.
Ship Eliza Ann, Captain J. Poulson.
Ship Clarissé, Captain Partarrian.
Brig Enterprize, Captain R. Cook.
Brig Resource, Captain W. Barrington.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

JANUARY — 19. Ship Jane, L. W. Moncrief, from Singapore the 20th September.
21. Ship Perseverance, D. K. Brown, from Liverpool the 4th September.
— Brig Elizabeth, J. Stewart, from Mauritius the 20th November.
22. Ship Calcutta, J. R. Stroyan, from Liverpool the 16th August.

Passengers per Jane, L. W. Moncrief, commander from China.—Robert Allen, Esq. merchant; and Master John Parlby, from Java.

Per ship Perseverance, D. K. Brown, commander From Liverpool.—Mr. H. Harvey.

DEPARTURES.

JANUARY — 17. Ship Sultan Thomas Mitchell, for the Persian Gulph.
18. Ship Eliza, D. Sutton, for London.
— Ship William Young, D. Morrison, for Liverpool.
— Ship Caudry, Shaik Asseen, for Tellicherry.
— American ship Emerald, A. Heard, for Boston.
19. Ship Henry Porcher, R. Jeffery, for London.
— Ship Indian Oak, John Reid, for Muscat.
— Ship Lady Blackwood, John Debbs, for New South Wales.
— Arab ship George Cruttenden, Sola Bentab, for Malabar.
— Arab ship Fazarobany, Kyme for Muscat.
— Arab ship Samdany, Nacoda. for Malabar
— 21. French ship Du Lucie, A. Garagnon, for Marseilles.
22. Brig General Barnes, R. Galway, for Ramree.
— 22. Lady Flora.
— The Brig Minerva, J. Norris, for Rangoon, is expected to sail in a few days.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Bay Bay.

BIRTHS.

At Bhewndy, on the 6th of Feby, The Lady of Major Roome, of a Son.

At Bieulla, on the morning of the 5th instant Mrs. John Harrison, of a Son.

MARRIAGE.

At St. Thomas's Church, on Monday the 4th Inst. by the Revd. T. Carr, Captain Henry Wyndham, H. C. M., to Mrs. Jane Vernon.

DEATHS.

It is with feelings of no ordinary sorrow that we announce the death of Vappoo Sunkerset, younger brother of Jagonnathjee Sunkerset, the chief of the Ruthkar Caste in Bombay. This lamented youth was cut off before he had attained his prime, after lingering for more than two years under a painful and inveterate disorder which baffled the skill of the most eminent Native and European physicians. It is not usual with us to dwell upon the characters of private individuals who sink into the grave; but the many amiable traits elicited in our personal intercourse with the subject of these lines so endeared him to our affections that we cannot refrain from offering this tribute to his memory. His intellect was unusually ripe for his years, and the goodness of his heart kept pace with the maturity of his mind. Warm in his affections—sincere in his actions—unaffected in his manner, his youth gave promise of a virtuous and honourable manhood; But the thread of his life was cut short by the hand of an all-wise Providence before the hopes formed of his future career could be realized. While his countrymen mourn the loss of a youth who did honour to the Hindoo name, Europeans must lament the premature death of one whose character assimilated so closely to their own.

At Colaba, on the 17th Ultimo, Captain William Smith, of the Ship Earl Kellie.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.

On the 19th Instant, at Chiny on the Neilgherry Hills, the Lady of John Carnac Morris, Esq. of the Civil Service, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, on the 28th Instant by the Rev. T. Hallewell, Lieutenant Booker, of the Artillery, to Hellena, youngest Daughter of the late Major Arnd. of H. M.'s Service.

DEATHS.

At Pondicherry, on the 25th Instant, Mary Louisa Mackay, relict of the late Edward Mackay, Esq.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Vellore, on the 17th December, the Lady of Lieutenant and Adjutant George Wright, of a Daughter.

At Vellore, on the 31st December, Mrs. Macleod, the Lady of Captain W. Macleod, 35th Regiment Native Infantry, of Daughter.

At Bangalore, on the 1st January, the Lady of Lieutenant J. Smith, of the 3 st Regiment, or Trichinopoly Light Infantry, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on Sunday night, the 2d January, the Lady of Lieutenant Charles Turner, 35th Regiment Madras Volunteers, of a Son.

At Arnee, on Thursday, the 3d January, the Lady of Lieutenant and Paymaster W. Cotton, 10th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, of a Daughter.

At Madras, on the 7th January, the Lady of Thomas Moore Lane, Esq. of a Daughter.

At Bandah, on the 12th January, the lady of Captain John Hall, 8th Regiment N. I. of a son.

At Calcutta, on the 22d January, the lady of C. Oman, Esq. of a son.

At Dum Dum, on the evening of the 23d January, the Lady of the Revd. A. Macpherson, of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

At Barrackpore, on the 20th January, Lieutenant G. Craven Armstrong, 69th Regiment, to Georgiana, second Daughter of E. Hughes' Esq. Upper Montague Street, Russel Square.

DEATHS.

At Meerut, on the 21st December, Lieut. Thomas Kennedy Skipton, of the 10th Cavalry, by hurts received from his Horse falling back on parade.

At New Town, Cuddalore, on the 21st December, Edward Nicholas, the infant son of Captain N. J. De Bergeon, Half-pay of His Majesty's late Meurot Regiment

At Kotah, on the 23d December last, after a short illness, William Corbet, Esq. Assistant Surgeon, aged 30 years and 4 months.

At Keitah, on the 10th of January, Joseph William Sandby, the only son of Major J. W. Loder aged only 2 years, 1 month and 26 days.

At Calcutta, on the 23rd January, at the House of W. V. Burnet, Esq. Dr M. Barber, Surgeon of the Ship Nandi, of Liverpool.

EUROPE.

DEATH.

On the 3d inst, at Wykeham, Hants, George Mackonochie, Esq., Lieut-Col. Commandant of the Hon East India Company's 5th Regiment of Native Infantry, in his 48th year.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Wednesday, January 30.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ..... 28½ *Premium.*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 2 *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees 1 *Discount*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1 *Discount*

FORT ST. GEORGE, *January 25, 1828.*

THE Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following Appointments, viz.

W. Brown, Esq. Additional Government Commissioner for Claims withdrawn from the Carnatic Fund.

C. Harris, Esq. 1st Judge of the Provincial Court of Appeal and Circuit for the Centre Division.

T. A. Oakes, Esq. 2d Judge of do. do. do.

FORT ST. GEORGE, *January 29th 1828.*

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following Appointments, viz.

C. E. Oakes, Esq. Register to the Zillah Court of Nellore.

H. Stokes, Esq. Assistant to the Collector and Magistrate at Tinnevelly.

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.
JAN. 24, 1828.

BUY.		SELL.
26	4 Remittable Loan, (Prem)	28
0	2 Old 5 per Cent. Loan, Dist	6 6
0	6 New ditto	Par.

BANK SHARES.

BUY.	PREMIUM	00LE5S1,
5,200		

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Government Bills	4 per Ct.
Ditto on Private Bills	6 Ditto
Interest on Loans on Deposit	5 Ditto

RATES OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1 10½	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs	1 11 a 2
	On Bombay 30 Days ditto, per 100 Bombay Rs. 98 0	
	On Madras ditto Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees. 91 0 a 92	

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.

FORT WILLIAM; 11TH JAN. 1828.

Mr. C. Garstin, Provincial Assistant to the Agent to the Governor General, in Sangur and the Nerbudda Territories.

Lieutenant F. Grote, Junior Assistant to ditto ditto,

FORT WILLIAM; 18TH JAN. 1828.

Mr. George Maxwell Barton, Assistant to the Secretary to the Government in the Persian Department.

Our Military friends will be glad to learn that the Dekhan prize rolls arrived in the *Mary Anne*, and that they may soon expect therefore, not only to know exactly how much they are to receive; but to have the amount at their credit in the accounts of their "faithful friends."

We understand that private letters have been received in town, mentioning that Lord William Bentinck would leave England on the *Undaunted* on the 24th of October, in which case his Lordship could scarcely be expected before the latter end of next month.

Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle

English News.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

ANALYTICAL COMPARISON OF LORD LIVERPOOL'S AND LORD GODERICH'S CABINETS—JUST EXPECTATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE final arrangement of the new Ministry is at length completed. Nearly six months have now elapsed, since the sudden removal of one of its members brought to the ground, almost like a house of cards, a Cabinet which for several years, had merely hung together on a sort of mechanical principle of pressure and equipoise; and it is only within these few days that the country can be said to have witnessed the complete reconstruction of the edifice. The appointment of Mr. Herries as Chancellor of the Exchequer restores, for the present at least, its ordinary entireness to the body of the Administration; and after a series of convulsions, almost unexampled in respect of the rapidity and variety of the displacements and changes to which they have successively given rise, his Majesty is once more provided with an establishment of responsible advisers consisting, we believe, of exactly the same *number* of individuals as that by which he was surrounded previously to the political death of Lord Liverpool.

The old number, however, it so happens, contains very few of the old men. It may be well, therefore, before we proceed further, to consider what is really the state of the case as to this particular. For this purpose it will be sufficient that we confine our attention to the composition of the *Cabinet* merely; and it will not require any very elaborate detail to show that here at least, the recent revolution has been indeed a sweeping one.

The following lists, without noticing any intermediate arrangements, exhibit in opposite columns the names of the members of the two Cabinets, over the one of which Lord Liverpool presided at the period of his retirement, and the other of which is now organized under Lord Goderich. Although the names in both lists are equal in number, the set of offices to which they are attached is not exactly the same, in the one case as in the other; but as our concern at present is only with the men themselves, we need not encumber our statement by any reference to the alterations that have taken place in regard to the particular offices to be filled by them.

Lord Liverpool's Cabinet.	*Lord Goderich's Cabinet*
Mr. Canning.	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Earl of Harrowby.	Earl of Carlisle.
Lord Melville.	Mr. Sturges Bourne.
Earl of Liverpool.	Duke of Portland
Mr. Peel.	Viscount Dudley and Ward.
Earl of Eldon.	Lord Lyndhurst.
Earl of Westmoreland.	Mr. Tierney.
Duke of Wellington.	Mr. Huskisson.
Earl Bathurst.	Mr. Herries.
Mr. Robinson.	Mr. Robinson, now Lord Goderich.
Mr. Wynne.	Mr. Wynne.
Lord Bexley.	Lord Bexley.

A Short analysis of these two lists will enable us to ascertain the real amount of what the cause of liberal principles, in so far as it depends upon the composition of the King's Government, has gained or lost upon the whole by the late changes.

First of all then, it has lost the powerful support of Mr. Canning; nor have we any wish to describe the death of that illustrious individual otherwise than as a national bereavement, not only infinitely to be deplored, but even in some respects, at the present moment, hardly admitting of compensation. Upon this subject, however, we shall have more to say hereafter; and in the mean time, content ourselves with observing, that it is some consolation for the present ministry to reflect that, be their power impaired or their glory dimmed as it may, by the sudden extinction of him whom they were once so proud to call their leader, his separation from them was not occasioned by his having either seceded in disgust or been expelled in disgrace from the counsels of his sovereign; but that death found him at their head, and that his heart was their own to the latest throb. They are the inheritors, if not of his genius and his fame, at least of his principles and his parting prayers; and even when they can no longer hear his living voice, may still both read the lessons of their duty in its recorded utterances, and appeal to its dying accents for their best recommendation to the favour and acceptance of their country.

Lord Harrowby's is another name of which we ought, perhaps, to regret the disappearance from the present Cabinet. His Lordship, besides having generally sided with the more enlightened portion of his colleagues during the Premiership of Lord Liverpool, evinced his attachment to liberal principles, very decidedly, at the great crash, by remaining with Mr. Canning, and although the talent and influence which he might have contributed to the new Ministry may possibly be very easily spared, we could have wished, we confess, on account simply of the recollections of his views and dispositions, to have seen him still among his old friends. A portrait of his Lordship's opinions and character would at all events have formed a more suitable associate for the great majority of his Majesty's present servants, than Lord Bexley's whose position in such a Cabinet as that of Lord Goderich, is indeed truly ludicrous, and must provoke an occasional smile, one should think, even from his supporters themselves. Whatever there may be, however, to regret in Lord Harrowby's retirement, the event has originated into no dislike, on the part of that nobleman, to the politics of the new Administration, but entirely in a state of health which demands a release from the fatigues of public employment.

Upon the all-important question of Catholic Emancipation, Lord Melville's vote was, we believe, a right and a sure one; although supposing him really to hold the opinions he has been wont to profess as to this point, we do not know, any more than himself seems to do, how to explain his being found with the Eldons and Westmorelands of their late pretended desertion of their King. However, except in regard to the single matter we have mentioned, neither the Cabinet nor the country has any thing to regret in his Lordship's retirement. All men of all parties, indeed, are unanimous in wishing him a long enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*.

Lord Liverpool and Mr. Peel, being both of them men of very moderate and every-day endowments, were of course considerable favourites with the public at large, who have always a strong sympathy with, and affection for, mediocrity, which, in truth, is a thing they understand much better than lofty and commanding genius. As Ministers too they had both of them in some things deserved well of their country, and had each in a high degree that hold on the attachment of a large and very influential class of society, which unimpeachable respectability of private character is happily in this country always found to confer. Their removal, however, from the Cabinet, it were folly or hypocrisy in any friend of liberal politics to lament. Lord Liverpool, in so far as he was any thing at all, was the avowed and active patron of a system of views or feelings in reference to one of the most momentous controversies connected with the internal condition of the empire, which we, at least, cannot look upon but as pernicious and detestable in the extreme; and during his Premiership, did more to give establishment and influence in the country to the partizans of bigotry and intolerance, than it will be easy for the most strenuous efforts of a more enlightened patriotism to counteract, even in many years. In this pious labour his Lordship was all along very steadily assisted by Mr. Peel, whose cold heart and mechanically constructed understanding, equally incapacitated him for cherishing any very warm attachment to the rights of mankind, or any high sense of the value of free political institutions. The simple and directly operating benefit of such a contrivance for the dispensation of justice between man and man, as the trial by jury, he had perspicacity and right feeling enough sufficiently to appreciate; and especially when cheered on by a measure of general applause, which was not, of course, the less gratifying to his vanity and self-love because he professed, and, perhaps, flattered himself that he held it in so light esteem as compared with the suggestions of duty and principle. He was really qualified to labour in minor matters of detail dexterously and successfully; but here ended his skill as a statesman. Beyond this little circle of subordinate cares and merely official drudgery, Mr. Peel was only the slave of the most narrow and ignorant prejudices and just as incapable of taking a leading part in the direction of affairs, as if he had spent his days among the manipulations of a pin-manufactory. The circumstances that form and constitute the true greatness of nations, he knew no more of, than any letter-sorter in the post-office, and, we verily believe, cared as little about them. When was his voice ever heard either sympathizing with the oppressed, or denouncing the oppressor? The spirit of his whole system of opinions and predelictions is as hostile to popular rights, and as thoroughly corrupted by an exclusive devotion to prerogative and legitimacy, as was that of the politics of Lord Castlereagh himself. Let any one who may doubt the correctness of this representation, turn to any of the speeches delivered by him on foreign affairs, during the whole period he was in office. Of this gentleman then, we say again, that his desertion from the Cabinet, instead of being mourned as a national calamity, ought to be rejoiced over as a victory to the cause he hates, by every friend to the liberties of mankind.

Of the loss of such Ministers as the Earls of Eldon and Westmoreland, the Duke of Wellington and Earl Bathurst, we cannot suppose that we shall be expected to say much. Lord Eldon is a most learned lawyer, and the Duke of Wellington the first General of the age. But as statesmen, even Lords Westmoreland and Bathurst were as good as they

Upon the whole, then, of the nine members who the Cabinet has lost, only one individual at the most can be considered as decidedly preferable to any one of those by whom they have been replaced; while in point of soundness and liberality of principle, even *he* has left his equals behind him. Let us assume the value of Mr. Canning in this respect to be fairly represented by Mr. Huskisson, while the Duke of Portland may be looked upon as supplying the place of Lord Harrowby, and Mr. Herries that of Lord Melville; and then (even supposing Lord Lyndhurst to be as as bigotted as Lord Eldon,) we shall have as the very smallest amount of the benefit which the cause of liberal politics has derived from the changes we have been reviewing, the substitution, in the King's Cabinet, of no fewer than FIVE of its steadiest and ablest friends, in the room of an equal number of its most powerful or most obstinate enemies. Lord Liverpool, Mr. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Westmoreland and Lord Bathurst have disappeared; and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Mr. Tierney, and Viscount Dudley and Ward enjoy their places, their patronage, and their power.

Upon comparing further the one Cabinet with the other, while we find the first to contain at the utmost only FIVE members of liberal principles we find no fewer than TEN in the second—those of an opposite character, who in the first formed a majority of SEVEN, being reduced at the same time in the second to an insignificant and altogether harmless minority of Two. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Bexley alone remain to champion in our degenerate age the forsaken cause of Toryism, and to go forth like another Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, to restore the exploded faith, by their deeds of prowess, to its old estimation among men.

Now in all this we think their is reasonable ground for congratulation and hope to every enlightened lover of his country. Come of the new Ministry what may, we have at least, we trust, for ever got rid of the *old* one. No conceivable revolution of affairs can ever bring back upon us the bigotted and imbecile domination of the Bathursts and the Westmorelands. From the death of Castlereagh, Lord Liverpool's cabinet, as we have already remarked, was made up of two contending factions and was kept together by their equipoise. Even under that state of things however the superior talent of Mr. Canning and his friends was more than a compensation for their inferior numbers, and gave them in truth a decided ascendancy wherever talent could possibly be brought into play. Thus, for instance, although Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon dispensed their immense patronage in such a manner as to fill both the law and the church, or at least all the more lucrative offices in both, with the adherents of their own politics, the Administration, in so far as the commerce and foreign relations of the country were concerned, was obviously wholly in the hands of Mr. Canning, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Huskisson. This, however was at best but a Manichean system, in which the principle of good was in all its operations opposed and impeded by that of evil, and the mechanism of the Government was kept in motion merely by the struggle between the two. That struggle is now over; Mr. Canning's elevation to the Premiership, and the instant dispersion of all the terrified night-birds of abuse, as if from before the rising day, at once gave victory and free sway to the better spirit of the Cabinet; and although he by whom the triumph was achieved is now sleeping in the dust, the conquests he won for his country and his species are still entire as ever, and are in the keeping of those to whom he himself, could his hallowed grave utter forth a voice, would call upon us to entrust them. For the present, at least, the temper and principles of the Administration are the same as they would have been had Mr. Canning continued at its head.

We must not, however conceal from ourselves that, deprived as the cabinet now is of the lustre which his name would have shed over it, as well as of the control which his commanding genius would have enabled him to exert over whatever dissension or jealousies might have arisen among its members it can no longer be considered as possessing exactly with the same stability or the same authority and influence which would have belonged to it, had the master-spirit it has lost been still permitted to preside over its deliberations. This weakness of the present administration lies, in its want of a chief. We have abundance of well-accoutred soldiers and active subalterns; but where is the General to overlook, from his elevated station, as from a central watch-tower, the whole labours of the camp, and, forming on the day of battle, as it were, the directing soul of the army, to give unity of purpose to all its movements? Lord Goderich is indeed Premier by appointment of the Crown: but this sort of title, unfortunately, is not enough to constitute such leader as the time has need of. Lord Goderich has no pretensions to that degree of native and independent superiority over his colleagues which alone could make him really and effectually their head. Will Lord Lansdowne, will Mr. Tierney, will Mr. Huskisson,—will even so talented a man as Viscount Dudley and Ward, look up to Lord Goderich as they would have done to Mr. Canning, or feel that the public expect they should? Is there not some reason, then, to fear, that instead of an administration boldly and steadily pursuing one high and commanding path of policy, we may have but a Government of accommodation and compromise, creeping on with irresolution and fear through a course of spiritless, unenterprising, and inefficient counsels, and dreading almost to bestir itself in any way, from a mere consciousness of the weakness of its own disjointed and unconsolidated framework?

But to pass from this consideration, we have our misgivings too, we confess, respecting the new ministry on another account. They want the sovereignty of Mr. Canning's intellect, and the magic of his name, not only to keep them united among themselves, but to give them besides that consideration, both at home and abroad, which is indispensable, to enable them to act a part worthy of the place they occupy, and the people whose destinies are in their hands. Foreign potentates and foreign nations, we may be assured, will not see another Mr. Canning in Lord Goderich, nor listen for their fate from lips of the present Premier, as they would have done, and did, from those of the last. Nor will the admiration of all cultivated minds in his own land encircle the new Minister, as it did his distinguished predecessor, with a halo of light and glory, which, to him who can command it, is a better protection than an armed host around his footsteps. That spell, which, but a few brief weeks ago, shed its sanctity so abundantly over the men who surrounded the King's throne, is vanished now, or but lingers over that new made grave, where their departed chief lies pillowed. There is no one among those who still remain who may again gather its illumination around his living brow.

Still, let but Lord Goderich and his colleagues cast themselves fearlessly upon the support of their country, and, if they deserve it, their country will support them. They have some difficulties and disadvantages to contend with, but none that may not be overcome. For the sake of the great interests entrusted to their guardianship, let them forgot all differences as to matters of minor importance, and rising superior to every paltry suggestion of selfishness, or the spirit of rivalry, that would divide them from each other, be of one mind in the service of their country. They know what England expects from them—and woe be to them if they disappoint her hopes. Their conduct will be anxiously, but not suspiciously watched; for they are even already the favourites of their fellow-citizens, who ask of them only to prove themselves worthy of the partiality that augurs of them so hopefully.

Sphynx Sept. 9th

WHAT IS A TORY?

"Not *all* on *politics* their genius wate: -
Some have a *gout* for port—for turbot, *taste*,
And feast their way to fame!"

The *Tories* are the best *diners* in the whole circle of English politicians. This is in fact, the great *cementing* principle of the Pitt Clubs: and *eating* in good fellowship has survived the frail tenure of profligate power and despotism, which was incident to perilous times; but their ascendancy *gave way* before the relations of peace, and the progress of opinion.

What *is a Tory?* we propound the question at a period when he is *going out*. Neither money nor intrigue could prolong his existence during *another reign*. He is *floundering* now; the ocean of State corruption has not sufficient *depth* for him to plunge and play at his ease. He requires the *high tides* of contention, and the latitude of an immense expenditure, in order to enable him to display the extent of his *voracity*,—and the velocity and vigour of his spring when he darts on his prey.

A *thorough Tory* is in respect to the animal being of his *kind*, what a *common place* is in phraseology. All men of the same mental *grade* will muster within the Tory *lines*, where they are ambitious of a distinction to which their wealth and talent, *of themselves*, cannot purvey. They are like those friends whom we sometimes meet with in the world, who make up the paucity of their claims on our affection by an officious and over done subserviency; yet who are always tolerated, and sometimes *almost loved*, for their very agreeableness to the frailty of our nature. It is said that a friend whom we cannot live without, is very dear to us; that one who cannot live without us is *still dearer*, The *Genus* of this same *order* of men, may be always found in the vicinity of *Thrones*; in all ages and in all nations whatever cognomen they may receive. They place their *loyalty first*—it is the assumed vital principle of their existence; "love of their country" stands next in the order of estimation; and "reason" is placed at the bottom of the scale. Hence the fact that men of this description always connect themselves with the *vices* of Sovereigns. To be blind to folly, in Princes (which may be the great *chart* of Royal life), and to flatter them for virtues which they never possessed,—were a quality in our associates the more acceptable to the self-love of human nature, in proportion as we are elevated by station above other men. The fall of Royal Dynasties—the decay of empires—and the dark succession of ages of misery, oppression and barbarism in nations—may be all traced, and are closely attributable, in moral science,—to the *inverted* code of loyalty, which is the political catechism of our thoroughbred Tories. Love of our country is rational, because it is natural; and is the first principle of the social compact; but *loyalty* if it be any thing *personal* to man, abstracted from principles of Government,—must be a love and attachment to the *virtues* and the *wisdom* of the first citizen of the State, let him be called what he may. All that is *devotional* to man, beyond this, is the *abuse* of monarchies, and not the use of them.

But take the *best* sample of an English Tory, and you will find he is generous, and jovial—glorying if possible more in the warmth of his own overflowing loyalty, than in the object of it. Project a patriotic dinner, in his estimation of things, and see how he will *eat* his road to a high esteem among his companions; propose a toast, and his glass shall be as brim-full as his heart—and hence the true *bumper of the spirit*. His King—his favourite newspaper—the corner bin in his cellar—the tid bit at the table—and the Protestant Faith—are all proportionate parts and parcels of his existence. It is his especial happiness, that whenever he is named by his party, in relation to his *caste*—or to a guttling blow-out of men of his own *kidney*, that he shall be called "*jounock!*" "prime!" "bang-up!" "staunch!" "Protestant to the backbone!" At his club they "wear by him;" and if he be found towards the bottom corner of a great man's table and a "who's that?" should escape some stranger guest,—the *'Squire* will recount with a smile how many times he has been "carried home!" What a *hand* he is at a "three times three!" At what bottle he "tumbled over." That he never missed at a muster, if a fifty miles' gallop could "throw him in!" That he's an "all weather man;" that you may "bumper him in the dark," for "he's *the thing!*" What can mortal ambition require more than this! Many hundreds of these "hip, hip, hippers" at the Tory feasts, never doubted but that their names were as familiar to his Majesty as household words; that there was a regular "list" of "good men and true" in the King's keeping,—and that he would call on them, if "*any thing was up.*" It is said even to be doubtful now how far this exclusiveness of *pretension may not* have gone, in a certain circle. It is known that Lord Sidmouth corresponded occasionally, in private, with many "Clubs" of a certain description, while he was in power; that he lent his name as "a member;" and had their rules and principles submitted to him for his approbation. Pitt held communication with many different persons who proffered their loyal advice and assistance, and who sent him *exparte* statements concerning the political characters and designs of their neighbours. Numerous appointments to the magistracy, and to other offices, took place, which were governed wholly by these ex-officio proceedings: for the *Tories* were in these times, a sort of *volunteer* part of the Government itself. But was it not the most *indefensible* part of the conduct of Ministers which called forth display of service? And is it not notorious that such services were offered with a view to the *rewards* which seldom failed to come in their train? These are facts now placed beyond all doubt; and however acceptable such *favours* may be to men in power, in *particular* times, or junctures—at the moment that such *services* are received, the *servants* are commonly despised. The time might be a dangerous one; and the half-official way in which some men of this description were dealt with, formed a kind of political *school*—where the Peer, the Baronet, the Squire, the Parson, and the *Huckster* of a country life, often levelled affairs of rank, while they met and consulted as *guardians* of the State. The more virtuous and independent portion of society, who were equally opposed to the desperate discontent of one party, and the corrupt and profligate support offered to Government by the other, were tainted with a stained allegiance; and this is the language held to the present day, by the Tories, when speaking of the merits of the Whigs. Political effects have, however, fully developed themselves; and the *Tory* of our times is hastening to the family vault as of a race, become *defunct* with the *necessity of his service*. Men who are useful tools of mental office, are, from the very qualities which *fit* them for such work, *unfit* for higher posts. No man seemed better to have appreciated the race of Tories than Mr. Canning; and he was hated for his very knowledge of them. He had *used* them; and they had received, beyond all reasonable remuneration, their *quid pro quo*. Their *shot*, as mercenaries had been *settled*. But like an obsequerous poor relation to some rich man,—they continued to quarrel with all the *intermediate* officers or posts of power; and to occasionally obtrude into the presence of their masters. As is usual on such occasions the great man has to maintain his dignity; and at the same time his character for *generosity and magnanimity*; he must therefore dismiss such self complacent visitors, *satisfied with themselves*—which is cheaply done with a little flattery; and by unscrupulous abuse of all who would "stand between a man and his best friends."

In something like a false position of this sort, do the Tories now find themselves at Court. They are hustled,—and jostled,—and praised,—and *smiled* at. They bear *quantum suff.* about their useful "*past services*; of which none speak so *graciously* as the King himself; and taking this as a sort of *retaining fee* from *hope* for the future, the tenacity of the tribe, for office, is almost miraculous; for a Tory and his place would appear as *one and indivisible*. Still the *tendency* of events goes to a *turn out* but they high valiantly for every inch of ground. Like "*Looney*"—if the King don't know when he has got good servants, they know when they have got a good master.

What then is a *Tory?* A man in whom the *heart* and the *brains* have *exchanged situations*. A *nightmare* to John Bull, under his plethoric habit; and a *blue devil* to his diet; a "last guinea" man in war; and a *last resource* man in peace; a "*Reformer*" in Religion—but *no Reformer* in politics; a *Protestant*, but not allowing men common liberty of conscience. A man who carried his *loyalty* about him like a sword,—making use of it as a creation of *offence*: a braggart in strife—and a spy in tranquillity. But the whole corps are under *marching orders*; and only wait for their *route*.

THE FUNERAL
OF THE
RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Not an eyelid was dry of the throng that attended,
Not a heart but heav'd sadly as if it would break;
The friends with opponents were mournfully blended,
Their bosoms were human, they could not but ache.

What breast but must ache, when a father untimely
Hath left his poor widow and orphans alone?
Though the dead were a foe, yet compassion sublimely
Forgets all its wrongs at the sufferer's groan.

To see the mute gaze of the matron bereaved
Of him of whose being her own was a part;
And the struggle by which the * child's pangs are reprieved,
To ransom, from breaking, her fond mother's heart.

To see, from his playmates, the lov'd boy rush madly
For his parent's last blessing, aghast at his bier;
And wringing his hands in his helplessness sadly,
And crying "He's dead, and my †brother not here."

Oh! this were enough, in the lot of the meanest,
To force from the proudest some signs of regret;
But the grief we then felt was the deepest, the keenest,
Lost greatness could raise, or lost goodness beget.

We felt, as our steps up the solemn aisles sounded,
Where the worthies of ages were buried below,
Their shades hover'd over the corpse we surrounded
And pitied our loss, and respected our woe.

Then a day dream came o'er us,—a vision of glory,—
As, dust unto dust, we committed the dead;
And the names that stand foremost and best in our story
Above us shone forth ere the vision was fled.

Ben Jonson was first of the poets to hasten;
And Butler, the wit and philosopher join'd;
While Addison came, our reproving to chasten,
The moralist, scholar, and classic combin'd.

Fox and Pitt, side by side, in the pageant paraded.
When between them there glided a fresh form of light,
So like to the form that before us lay faded,
We own'd it was Canning reveal'd to our sight

The hands of the rivals the phantom united,
And pointing to earth with a smile seem'd to say,
"What is good I have cull'd, what is bad I have blighted,
"Of the parties that yonder acknowledged your sway."

"You surviv'd to complete the great task," they assented,
"And full in the blaze of its fame you have died:"
"My country is rescued, and I am contented.—
"My King and my country!"—the spirit replied.

At the moment a murmur of sorrowful token,
Like the moan of a wind dirge, stole swift through the crowd,
And abruptly the spell of our vision was broken,
As the voice of lament waxed thrilling and loud,

Draw a veil o'er the last look the young orphan fixed,
Too precious to paint, in the grave of his sire!
Oh! recount not the sobs with his sobs that were mixed,
Their anguish would jar the whole soul of the lyre.

But repeat, to the praise of the mighty deceased,
How strangers with strangers, in sympathy strung,
Exchang'd their wild looks of distress, and released
The tear from the eye, and the sigh from the tongue.

Record, to his fame, how his country deplor'd him,
And thousands on thousands his obsequies throng'd;
How the true hearts of freemen, while living, ador'd him,
And how o'er his ashes their homage prolong'd,

Record, as a lesson to bigotry's dullness
How Erin's whole isle gave a shriek at his fall,
And drank of the cup of dismay at its fulness,
And crazed with oppression, supported his pall

Record, from the wide world the history gleaning,
The shock that it suffer'd at Canning's decease;
And bid all its tyrants interpret the meaning,
While man, in their ears, to his manes shouts "Peace."

Oh! these were the thoughts at the sad scene prevailing,
As Erin's poor exiles with Italy's wept;
As Greece, by her sojourners here, was bewailing,
And either America mourn'd that he slept.

"Then rest undisturb'd, the world's blessing befriends thee,"
We cried, as we turn'd, with a last look, to go;
"Thy fame, like a victor's in death, well attends thee,
"Beyond diminution, as thou beyond wo
"Rest, rest, for thy ashes are nobly reposing,
"In holiest ground, mid'st the chief of thy clime;
"And the bright roll of glory still brighter unclosing,
"Emblazons thy name to the end of all time!"

King's Bench Walk, Temple. J. JONES.

* Alluding to the affectionate attentions of the Marchioness of Clanricarde.

† Mr. Canning's eldest, son was abroad at the time of his fathers death.

* This line must be understood in the sense of the preceeding one.

The protracted war carried on by England against NAPOLEON—vigorous in its efforts, and triumphant in its military results—seems to have engendered a political evil, which crept upon the nation insensibly, and was not severely felt or clearly developed until the foreign enemy had for some time ceased to disturb us. We mean by this, the excitement of a military passion amongst the people, and the gradual introduction of a military spirit and of arbitrary tastes and notions, among the Ministers of the Crown, who consted, with rare exceptions, or short interruptions, of the same individuals, or rather of the same school, from the beginning of the contest to the end of it. Nor for this were the men themselves so much to blame as the circumstances in which they had been placed, and the nature of the duties imposed upon them.

At all times, and in all civilized nations, a state of war has tended to give power to the Government: the continuance of peace has proved favourable to the growth of iniquity, jealousy, political activity, and a spirit of resistance among the people. That peremptory command and prompt obedience which are essential to public energy and success in war, will naturally operate upon the mind as well of subjects as of rulers, beyond the sphere of military action, and create a relative character of despotism on one side and resignation on the other, which, however conducive

to national independence against a foreign enemy, is in principle a deadly foe to the maintenance of civil freedom.

This decline of public spirit in England, so far as concerned a salutary watchfulness with regard to our laws and internal constitution, was aggravated by the extraordinary duration of the war, and no less so by the consequences which followed the general pacification. An intimate union between the several Courts of Europe, backed by the sympathies of their subjects, whom France had for so many years harassed and disgusted, led them to a victory over the universal oppressor, not merely so decisive as to release the Governments from all fear, but so glorious as to fill the people every-where with enthusiasm towards the Princes who had fought at their head, and had brought them triumphantly out of a common danger.

The same combination of Governments which had wrought out the independence of their respective countries was continued—was consolidated; but was likewise perverted to another object, viz. to a monopoly by these Governments of all the fruits of the final victory for themselves, and an utter exclusion of the body of their subjects, who had paid and bled in the cause, from any part of them.

The drift of this Holy Alliance was early seen by intelligent men, throughout the continent of Europe, and sooner and more completely, perhaps, in England than any where else: but it was a considerable time before those associations of public feeling which had, since 1813, run so powerfully in favour of Kings and Ministers, could be checked and turned into a more reasonable channel. The *eclat* derived from arms and victory was transferred for a season to domestic policy, and the Holy Alliance not only gave a sort of *ton* to its maxims of government among its own subjects, but actually helped its dupe and instrument, Lord CASTLEREAGH, to carry himself and his habitual system of smooth and supercilious contempt for the people more boldly than he otherwise would have dreamt of doing, had he not been so encouraged. This endured for years. The mind of the people of England, however, began to display its ancient elasticity. A partial stir among the people abroad once more aroused their sympathies. The condemnation of the CASTLEREAGH politics, its agents, and associates, all over the world, had began to prevail extensively, and to make itself loudly heard, —the approaching departure of Mr. CANNING for another hemisphere was dreaded and deprecated, as the expiration, or at least the suspension of a hope by which millions had suffered themselves to be animated, that he would have become a popular champion of human rights, wherever they should be trampled on, by his less worthy rival,—when the sudden—we cannot say untimely—disappearance of that rival, opened the way for Mr. CANNING to efficient power, and afforded the first bright ray of confidence to the friends of knowledge, freedom, and good government.

From that hour, the good spirit has been advancing in all directions. Wherever a step consistent with discretion, and permitted by those huge fragments of Toryism which still partially blocked up Mr. CANNING's course, could be taken by the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in favour of the laws and rights of civilization, whether in the new world or the old, he did not shrink from his duty. He assisted powerfully the establishment of colonial independence in South America; and in Europe, if he could not wholly defeat, he paralyzed the bad politics of more then one despotic Court.

Mr. CANNING's accession to the head of the Government was the second great stage on the road of his present MAJESTY, towards the fulfilment of his people's anxious desires respecting the composition of his Ministry. The introduction of Lord LANSDOWNE and his Lordship's friends to a formal station in that Government with whose Chief they had long, by principles and opinions, been identified, and from an official and avowed co-operation with whom they had, by the inert, though immovable interposition of a heap of old Tory carcasses, been for years excluded, was a third great source of national rejoicing for this country. A fourth has been the continuation as a Ministry, by our Sovereign, of all that remained of Mr. CANNING's colleagues, and their close and cordial union of feeling with the KING, upon the necessity of maintaining that system of Government which was the bond of their alliance with Mr. CANNING.

But in every successive stage of the career of that able Minister, the tactics of the Tory enemy were the same. Even during Lord LIVERPOOL's life-time, whenever a sneer or *wipe* could be given, derogatory to Mr. CANNING's influence and fame, it was not spared, even by his brethren of the Cabinet. In society it was their daily pastime; in those journals which disgraced both Church and KING, by pretending to be their joint defenders, it was a regular office indefatigably persevered in as the end of each week came round.

When Lord LANSDOWNE's entrance into the Ministry was announced, the game of open abuse began; and because the persons and names of the Ministers had been found, in years and sessions past, on opposite sides of questions which were no longer debateable, the harmony of their principles on all those points on which hinge the great interests of the nation at this moment, was to be no ground of justification for their alliance as colleagues: they were to be reproached by ex-Under Secretaries of State, and such animals, with acting together for no reason but that they thought and felt alike! Why who did not see that the meaning of all this fury was the loss of Mr. DAWSON's place, and the difficulty of his recovering 2000*l.* per annum, so long as Mr. CANNING and his friends should remain in office?

For the proceedings relative to Mr. HERRIES, they have been but an episode in the political history of the day,—one, however, the result of which affords an additional guarantee for the duration of the Cabinet, from the fund which it has exhibited of public spirit, conciliating temper, and utter intolerance of Tory politics and persons, as well in His MAJESTY as in the members of his Administration. Well, now that the abuse for forming such a Ministry has been given up, and the charge of corrupt and criminal inconsistency has been scouted by the public as untenable, what is the last expedient of the Tories? They actually find out that the Cabinet is "torn by factions,"—that they are "all pulling "different ways," and forming "contradictory "objects of ambition." We can say with perfect truth, that these tales are as absurd as their motives are malignant and desperate,—that there is no difference of sentiment, or contrariety of object, or ground of disunion in the Cabinet,—that, on the other hand, there is as complete an incorporation of feelings, and identity of views, and harmony of purpose, as has existed in any Cabinet in any period of English history. Events will show who is right. A pretty probable story, that having surmounted the only difficulty upon the cards—and one of which pure mischance was the occasion,—the Ministers should now make new ones, for no end on earth but to serve the public enemy.

Times Sept. 8th

THE IRISH CHANCELLORSHIP.—The confirmation of the appointment of Sir William Alexander has given rise to some well-founded and some very groundless regret. There is no one who knows this country, and who knows the high and sound principles of head and heart which distinguished Lord Plunket, who does not, and who ought not to regret that the choice has not fallen upon him. But politicians, the wisest and the honestest of them, must often yield to circumstances; and we believe this appointment to have been dictated by the purest intentions towards this country, controlled, of course, by the necesity of the case. Sir William Alexander will not be the creature of party in this country, such as his predecessor was. And even this is a step gained in the march of improvement in Irish legislation. As was sensibly remarked by this morning's *Register*, next to having a man of good politics, it is desirable in this country to have one of no politics at all. If we could persuade ourselves to forget, the transcendent qualifications of Lord Plunket and the pain that there existed a political necessity for passing him over for the present we are satisfied that the new Lord Chancellor would give great satisfaction. Surely it is something, at least, gained, to have no longer a party Chancellor.—*Dublin Patriot.*

MR. O'CONNELL AND THE COURIER.—The Morning Chronicle has a long and spirited article on the subject of Mr. O'Connell's prosecution of The Courier, in which it revives a Speech made by that Gentleman fourteen years ago, with a view to show that Mr. O'Connell himself is liable to prosecution for Libel. There is no doubt of this—there is no man who ever spoke or wrote who does not *necessarily* we will say, render himself obnoxious to a prosecution—The late Mr. Canning wrote some of the most cutting libels in the language—but Mr. Canning, as well as Mr. O'Connell, have been most abundantly libelled in return. The Morning Chronicle imputes the silence on this occasion of the Dublin Press to fear or affection. This is foolish—the Dublin Press was silent, because it considered the matter as personal between the parties. Since, however, The Chronicle will have our opinion on the subject, though we think the threat of being hauled over to England, to answer for Mr. O'Connell's speeches as well as for our own misdeeds, a mere *brutum fulmen*, still we are of opinion, that Mr. O'Connell ought to be amply satisfied with the triumphant defence which we made for him in The Evening Post—and we believe, thought we have not had, by some accident or other, an opportunity of seeing him since the paragraph appeared, that the idea of a prosecution was a second thought—that it was taken up—contrary to his original impression—on a suggestion from others. The Morning Chronicle, we are persuaded, need not be apprehensive as to any unpleasant results.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A JUDGE.—At the Armagh Assizes a man was tried for assault and felony. A police-man was examined, who stated that he had been out on duty with a party, in the morning of the 13th of July; that he met the prisoner, whom he had formerly known; that the prisoner walked a short distance with the party, when they all stopped. At this time the prisoner had his gun in his hand, which he snapped twice, without putting it to his shoulder, or presenting it to any person. Witness then walked back with the prisoner for a short distance, to talk with him when the prisoner placed the gun across his left arm and snapped it again. The gun was not pointed at any one, and went off without doing any harm.—For the defence, it was proved that the prisoner did not know the gun was loaded. Baron M'Clelland charged the Jury that there certainly was not evidence to prove the felony, but that there was quite sufficient to prove the prisoner guilty of the *assault!* The Jury however did not think so; and they at once returned a verdict of *not guilty* on both indictments. The Baron then told the prisoner that the Jury had acquitted him CONTRARY TO ALL LAW AND EVIDENCE.—but that he would take care that he (the prisoner) should not go until he had given good security for his conduct; that he must find bail, himself in 200*l.* and two securities in 200*l.* each!!!—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

DOVER, SEPT. 12.—The Right Hon. J. C. HERRIES embarked this morning, with his family, in his Majesty's steam-packet Crusader for Calais The Danish ship Christians, Haven, Capt. LARSEN, from China, last from St. Helena, and the ship Lonach, Captain DRISCOLL, from Bombay for London, have passed to-day with many other Ships from the westward. The Marquess of ORMONDE, and Lord BARHAM, with their families, embarked here yesterday for Boulogne.

The Tally-Ho, from Virginia to Liverpool, was on shore on Goose Hill Flats, 13th ult. got off and but back.

The Racehorse, Evans, from Sligo to Liverpool, was on shore near Ballyballar 8th inst., but expected to be got off after discharging part of her cargo.

The Fortune, arrived in the Clyde from Bombay, sailed the 8th May, with the Allerton, for Liverpool, and Minstrel, for London. The Berwick, Gilbert, for do sailed in the middle of April. The Mount Stewart, Elphinstone, was to sail for the Clyde 24th day, the Mangles and Spring for London 25th May, and Sarah the end of May.

Accounts from Bombay, to the 8th May, mention a failure of a native merchant for a very extensive sum.

The notice taken in the Bengal letters relative to direct shipments for India from Liverpool and and Glasgow, is important, inasmuch as it will, we trust, check, that mania for exporting to our eastern possessions cotton goods to the enormous extent that is now carried on. The allusion which the letters in question make to direct shipments from Liverpool and Scotland refers only to two vessels, and they coming into a market already well supplied, produced the effect stated. Now we know other vessels have since gone out with similar freights. We do hope, therefore, that a reference to these letters will cause shippers to recollect that the Indian, like all other markets, may be overstocked, which at present, if we may judge by their operations, they think impossible.—*Courier.*

A great many of the inhabitants of the Highland districts of Perthshire, have, from time immemorial, been in the habit of earning a pretty considerable part of their means of subsistence during the year; at the harvest operations in the southern counties of Scotland. This season, however, many of those poor people have already returned, begging their way home, as they cannot find employment, in consequence of the immense hordes of Irish, who have overspread the Lothians, and are cutting down the crop for little more than their victuals.—*Perthshire Courier.*

OPIUM SMUGGLING.

Notwithstanding the extreme vigilance exercised by the revenue officers, frauds are very frequently practised which baffle their exertions. A circumstance has recently occurred which has made no small stir at the Custom-house. A large quantity of opium had been entered for exportation, which article is subject to a heavy duty of about 6*s.* per lb., returnable on being exported; it was packed in cases, and duly inspected under the superintendence of the proper officer, and put on board a ship bound to Hamburgh, the cases having been sealed up in the usual manner. Information was, however, received that all was not right, and an officer was sent on board to examine the packages, who returned and reported that they were the identical ones which he had seen with the opium in them, and to which he had affixed the official seal; further information was, however, given that a fraud had certainly been practised, and cases of precisely the same appearance as those which really contained the opium had been substituted, and put on board the vessel. A messenger was consequently despatched to Hamburgh to await the unloading of the cargo; the suspected cases were subjected to examination, when it was discovered that they were filled with saw-dust.

HATTON-GARDEN.—MAY AND DECEMBER.—Yesterday——A—r, Esq., an Irish gentleman between 50 and 60 years of age, closely connected with some of the first families in the sister isle, appeared at this office to solicit the advice and assistance of the presiding magistrate, Mr. LAING, under the following circumstances:—

From the statement of the applicant, it appeared that about five months since, he returned to this country from Bombay, where he had held a civil employment for upwards of 30 years. On his arrival, he went to reside with a friend, Mr. Milward, of the "Proof-house," Church-lane, Whitechapel. He there met a young and extremely prepossessing widow, who, after some well-timed solicitations on his part, consented to live under his protection, without recourse having been had to that entrammelling attendant upon love's joys—matrimony. For three whole months did they live together in this happy state, till the lady, either feeling some "compunctious visitings," or wishing perhaps to have the sanction of the law for placing her affection on her aged admirer, suggested to the applicant the propriety of marriage. "At first," said Mr. A——r, "I objected; but such was the power the syren had over me, that like a fool I at last (about three weecks ago) consented. Previous to the marriage, a valuable gold watch and appendages, with various trinkets, were purchased by him for his intended, to the amount of 1,000*l.* He also settled upon her 2,000*l.* as a jointure, which was placed in the hands of trustees for her use. Every thing being ready, the happy couple, attended by a large retinue of friends, proceeded to Whitechapel church, where their hands were joined in Hymen's bonds. All went on smoothly till last Thursday night, when Mrs. A——r, under pretence of paying a friendly visit in the neighbourhood, left her loving spouse at an early hour, and did not return home. The anxious husband made every inquiry after his strayed rib, but to no purpose; she was gone, and with her disappeared 20*l.*, which she obtained from him that evening, together with the greater part of the bridal trinkets. It was under these circumstances, and by the advice of his solicitor, Mr. Moore, of Staple-inn, that the applicant came to this office to see what could be done for him.

"Pray, now," said Mr. LAING, after listening patiently to the applicant's story, "what do you want, Sir?"

Applicant.—A warrant to apprehend my wife, who has thus deserted my house, and eloped with a worthless paramour. I have reason to believe she is now in town.

Mr. LAING,—I cannot render you any assistance, Sir.

Mr. A——r, looked about rather foolishly on hearing the magistrate's determination, and left the office evidently much chagrined. On going out at the door, he told Waddington, the officer, if he could find out his wife, he would reward him amply, "for," said he, "all I want is herself; the money and trinkets I don't care for!" saying which, he gave his card to the officer, and departed.

The Times, Sept. 1.

General Sir Gregor M'Gregor the Cacique of Poyais, has been detained in the Tothill Fields Prison since Monday, in default of bail, for sending a letter to Lieutenant Spong, with a view to provoke that gentleman to commit a breach of the peace. The bail required is 2000*l.* for himself and 1000*l.* for each of his sureties. According to the 'Times' report, this affair originated in the seduction of Mr. Spong's lady, who soon became disgusted with Sir Gregor, and returned to the protection of her brothers.

The Sphynx September 2.

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY.—A young man named Robert Greenslade, was recently committed for trial on a charge of burglary in the house of his grandmother, Mrs. Glanville, at Coombe Park, near this town. We have now to record a circumstance which dreadfully aggravates the offence, and forms in itself a charge against the unfortunate young man so revolting that humanity shudders at the thought of it. On Sunday se'nnight, a man who had been confined in the same gaol with Greenslade, having obtained his pardon, was about to leave the prison, when there being reason to suspect that he had secreted letters to convey away for prisoners, Mr. Cole, the Governor, questioned him, and upon threat of searching, procured from him a packet, which had been given him by Greenslade. The packet contained letters addressed to the brother of Greenslade, urging him in strong terms to put Mrs. Glanville to death by poison, in order to prevent her evidence at the Assizes, and even stating the precise quantity of corrosive sublimate necessary to effect the horrid purpose! The man who was the bearer of the packet, was, after examination before the Magistrates, committed to take his trial with Greenslade, who was formerly a druggist in Exeter, is the son of a man who was, some years ago, a respectable builder in this town, but who has been latterly residing in reduced circumstances, in the neighbourhood of Exeter. The young man has a wife, and two or three children, and was, we are willing to believe, driven by poverty to commit the crime which led him to contemplate one of still greater magnitude and atrocity, but which has been fortunately prevented. Thus, bad leads insensibly to worse, and the heart once polluted by crime, easily becomes hardened against the dictates of religion and morality, and insensible to the ties of kindred or the claims of humanity. It may not here be amiss to state, for the information of such as are ignorant on the subject, that even had Greenslade succeeded in his purpose of destroying his grandmother, and in concealing that crime, yet his situation at the Assizes, when brought to trial for the burglary would have been thereby but rendered worse, for the deposition of the prosecutor, taken before the Magistrates, would have been received in evidence, and the accused would have lost any benefit to be derived from cross-examination. Two younger brothers of Greenslade, residents of Devonport, were apprehended and brought before J. Husband, Esq. who having received sufficient evidence of their being implicated, has committed them for trial.—(*Plymouth Journal.*)

MELANCHOLY TALE.—There are few instances in which parental authority is so frequently exercised, as in that of preventing marriages where peculiar circumstances render the match imprudent, and perhaps there are none in which its exercise is productive of worse consequences. The reason should indeed be cogent, that could justify a parent in exercising more than persuation where the happiness of a child is completely at stake. The tragic result of such interference it is now our melancholy task to relate. Miss M—, the daughter of a respectable attorney in North Wales, but who is now dead, received attentions from two suitors, to one of whom she gave her heart, and would also have accompanied the gift with her hand, but for the interferrence of her mother, who indeed wished her to accept the addresses of a Mr. P—, a wealthier, and in the eyes of Mrs. M—, a much more eligible match This teasing caused the young lady to regard the unfavourable lover with still greater dislike, which increased to hatred on his persevering in his addresses, after which she threw herself so far on his generosity as to confess her attachment to his rival, and to beg him to be content with her friendship. Matters stood thus for some months, when the mother was seized with illness, which terminated fatally. In her dying hour, her daughter was by her bedside, and she wrung from the weeping girl a promise, that she would give her hand to Mr. P—, who was now to her a most loathed object. She gave the promise required, and from that hour her countenance was never once illumined by even a transitory smile. She had one last interview with the object of her

(*Continued in the Second Supplement.*)

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH 1828.

(*Continued from the Supplement.*)

fondest affections. What passed is, and ever must be, unknown: as soon as it was over, he was observed to quit the house like a maniac, and she was discovered by her domestics in strong hysterics. A day or two afterwards she sent for the man to whom her fate was to be united, and appointed the day for the wedding. It arrived; and as she proceeded to the church the pallid hue of death sat on her countenance. She refused the aid alike of the bridegroom and the bridemaids—she walked alone with measured steps to the church door, where she paused, and glanced her eye towards her mother's tomb. She then entered the church, and the ceremony was performed. On leaving the sacred pile, she informed her husband that she would require one day to calm her spirits, and that therefore she must be permitted to remain alone until the next morning. The arrangement was assented to; and after the bridal feast was over, the husband returned to his own house. Early the next morning, however, he repaired to claim his bride; but she had saved herself from his further persecutions—he discovered her lying a pallid corpse on her bed. A bottle of laudanum, which he found by the bed side, revealed the whole of the horrible and unwelcome truth—she had drunk the poison. The unfortunate lover has not yet been heard of.

Letters from Alexandria announce that the Plague has been arrested this year by salutary precautions, which are expected to be improved upon hereafter. MAHOMED ALI is determined to direct his earliest attention to this important subject.

Amongst the number of Europeans who have so gallantly ventured their lives and fortunes in the glorious struggle for the independence of Greece, (the greater portion of whom have fallen in its cause), we observed in General Church's dispatch to the Greek Government, of the affair at the Piræus on the 4th of May last, when the brave Karaiskaki received his death wound, that our fellow countryman, Lieutenant Thomas Whitecombe, of the Madras artillery, after having distinguished himself on several prior occasions, was severely wounded by a cannon shot. We are happy to state, however, that his friends have lately received information that he is fast recovering; although at the time of receiving the wound, which was from a three-pounder in the neck, it was considered mortal. Lieutenant W. states, that, out of his twenty-one companions, the only Philhellenes engaged in the present service, eighteen were sabred by the Turkish cavalry in the sanguinary conflict of the 6th of May.—*Gloucester Journal.*

Accounts from St. Domingo to the 3d of August mention further discoveries respecting the late attempted insurrection, and more executions.

A Nobleman against whom *Fortune's wheel* has run so long, has checked its course. We have heard its movements are now the opposite way, and that he has won 100,000*l.* from a brother Peer.—*Morning Paper.*

We understand that the colours of the Royal Marines are to bear the globe, with an appropriate motto, in consideration of their various and meritorious services in the several quarters of the world.—*Plymouth Journal.)*

STOCK JOBBERS.

The "rot" among the Joint-stock swindlers spreads wider every day. Those men who conspired to produce so much misery to others are now in general, as wretched in their situation as their morals are infamous. Several of the ringleaders who laughed at the laws as only made to restrain smaller knaves, and imagined there was no such thing in the world as DIVINE JUSTICE, now find that there is even for the most fortunate guilt a day of retribution. What a figure do persons of this class almost daily make in police-offices and in Insolvent Debtor's Courts? What fraud, imposture, and complicated villainy do their cases lay open to the public eye? Their ill-gotten pelf has melted away like "an accursed thing." They are exposed to more scorn and ridicule than they even brought upon their victims; and there is none to pity them, whether they look through the grate of a prison, or are outcasts and vagabonds on the face of the earth. For our parts, we rejoice, that by our incessant exposure of their schemes and impositions, we accelerated this state of things. We rejoice at it, because their downfall is the safety and advantage of society—because their ruin augurs well for the return of those habits of honest and regular industry which they had almost succeeded in destroying. We know that some of the fraternity are endeavouring to cast more nets to throw out their nets as "fishers of men." At this present moment attempts are making to revive the delusion of the South American Mining Schemes. But these are desperate efforts, and persons who can now be deceived by them richly deserve their fate. Such persons must be as much the natural and predestined food of the most barefaced and exposed impostures as certain fish in the sea are the property of the shark, into whose extended jaws they swim with their eyes open. But the day of such extensive, flagrant gullibility, as we have seen, is past. The sunshine of that season of most extravagant folly, in which the Joint-Stock swindlers made their golden harvest, has gone down, and it is, therefore, that so many of them are now perishing like summer-wasps in holes and corners at the first nipping of the winter's frost. It is pleasant to see trade and commerce resuming their proper course in the channels of regular industry and legitimate enterprise, where, although wealth does not come in a torrent, it flows in a more constant stream than the forcing engines of gold mines in the moon are likely to pour upon the country!

PECKHAM FAIR.

"The poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight
And a stench in the nose of Piety."—ANONYMOUS

"The *respectable* part of the inhabitants of Peckham," as some of our journals report the fact, have achieved a triumph in the fields of Peckham; they have put down Peckham fair. Who these respectable and very delicate inhabitants of Peckham are, their names, callings, professions, and occupations, we are not informed; but this we believe, that Peckham is pretty well known as being a favourite place of residence for Stock Jobbers, and the head quarters of Dr. Collyer. Stock Jobbers are gamblers, and the law so considers them. Where is the difference between the clown who sports his sixpence upon the trick of the cups and balls, or the pricking of the garter; and the Jobber, who buys or sells 10,000*l.* for the account, subject to all sorts of artifices for creating a rise or fall before settling day? Peckham fair with its noise, its riot (if they will call it so,) its immorality, and outrage, is not concealed within four walls; but those who have had a peep into the Stock Exchange have witnessed a scene which throws Peckham fair and every other fair at an immeasurable distance, for riot and confusion; and it is in every body's recollection that a gent. who walked in a few months ago, unconscious of any offence to the *respectable* body to whom the place belongs, was hustled, beaten most shamefully, and his pocket picked—worse could not have befallen him at Peckham fair, after 10 o'clock at night. The nuisance to the *respectable* inhabitants of Peckham, is, that for three or four days in the year the poor come into their neighbourhood, to make a holiday and be merry; and the mirth of the poor is noisy, boisterous, and—worst of all—suffers itself to be seen and heard in the open air, and falls upon the ear of the *respectable* inhabitants when he is engaged perhaps in deep reflection upon the state of the money-market, and the terms of his last time bargain. Having chosen Peckham for his residence, he must have Peckham to himself; the presence of the poor for three days in the year is a nuisance not to be borne; so he calls on them to shew that they have the King's charter to be merry; and finding that they laugh and enjoy themselves by custom only, and not by Royal authority, he suppresses their long continued amusements.

In this employment the Methodist Parson is a worthy and suitable coadjutor of the Stock Jobber. The labourer who takes an extra pint at the fair, or treats his wife with a ribbon or his child with gingerbread nuts, may fail in his contributions to the missionary box; this is to be deplored. The spirit, depressed by the doctrines of methodism, gets a lift by the excitement of mirth and gaiety—this is dangerous to the despotic influence of the Spiritual pastor.

But there are other persons besides Stock Jobbers, and Parsons who have an interest in these matters, trifling as they seem; and fortunately their interests lie in an opposite direction. If taxation of some sort the poor must have: and we think the interest of the Country requires that they have something else, than the executions and the chapel. Jack Ketch for the week days, and the methodist parson for Sundays, may be very pretty pastime in their way; but a few shillings honestly picked up at a fair, though it be by an over-grown pig or an undergrown man, a cow with seven legs, a wild Indian, a fire-eater, an oyster-eater, a fellow who balances a cart-wheel on the end of his nose, a round, about, or an up-and-down,—may prevent a burglary or a street robbery, reduce the expences of jails and the consumption of rope; things of more importance to the community than the quiet of respectable Stock Jobbers, or the dominion of Methodist Parsons. The poor must and will have some sort of amusement. A fair is in many respects a very good one, it is one to which the labourer takes this wife and children. The entertainments are of the description which suit such visitors. The variety is endless and the cost trifling—The wares displayed at the different stalls not only please the eyes, but suggest conveniences and comforts in domestic management, which give a stimulus to industry and a motive to economy.

It is high time that the miserable spirit of putting down the amusements of the poor should itself be put down: or it will go on till nothing is left for the poor man but that curse of his existence—the public-house. If fairs are unlawful, let them be made lawful: if the King's charter be needful, the King could scarcely do a more acceptable thing than to grant a few charters. The rich have had it all their own way quite long enough. They have seized on the *common* lands, inclosed them cultivated them, and have a corn bill to force us to buy the produce of them. Would the King but give up a few spare acres of of Crown lands for places of amusement to the poor, and sanction by charter the holding of a few annual fairs, (subject if he pleases to any restrictions which would deprive them of an objectionable character) he would do an act that would render him a ten-fold return of affection from a grateful parson-ridden people. Sincerely and earnestly do we recommend this subject to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The morality of the poor is a matter too deeply interesting to the country to be left to the care of those who are directly interested in suppressing their amusements. The sports of the people have been held of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of Royalty itself; and surely it would be better on all hands that the poor should have their pleasures by authority, but at the same time under such wholesome and judicious restrictions as authority would impose, than that they should snatch them by stealth or in defiance of the laws, and enjoy them, as on such occasions they naturally do, with every kind of licentiousness.

NOVEL SPECIES OF ELOPEMENT.

(From the Dublin Evening Post, Aug. 25.)

HEAD POLICE OFFICE.—In a late number of our paper, the following appeared under the awful announcement of "Marriages":—

"On the 13th instant, at Gretna Green, John Hely H. Grady, third son of Henry Deane Grady, Esq. of Merrion-square, to Helena, youngest daughter of John Richards, Esq. of the country Ro-common."

The circumstances under which the marriage took place, seems to have been of rather an extraordinary character. It is alleged that the young gentleman (with the many names) eloped from Mr. Crawford's school at Donny brook, and under the protection of his fair inamorato, who is some years older than he is, (about 21) made the best of their way for Scotland. They proceeded, accompanied by some male and female attendants, by Belfast, and crossing over to Glasgow, they posted direct to the far-famed Gretna Green. There were the loving pair united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the High Priest, the successor of the departed and celebrated Laing The name of this wonder-working personage is Elliot, and he has subscribed a very lengthy certificate of the marriage, sealed with the King's arms, and testifying that the parties were joined in wedlock "according to the laws of the English Church, and by the rules of the Kirk of Scotland." But short are the sweets of matrimony!—While the fond lovers were indulging in the anticipated pleasure of the delightful Honey Moon, the indignant father of the "young gentleman" tendered his information at the Head Police Office, and applied for a warrant against the parties. A warrant was immediately issued by the Magistrates, and delivered to the peace officer Gillochly. That extremely active and intelligent officer, taking with him another officer of the establishment, lost no time in pursuing the fugitives. Taking his route through Liverpool, he made for Gretna, by the Carlisle road. He was fortunate enough to come up with the parties (who were on their return) about 14 miles this side of Gretna. He immediately had the whole party—the two enamoured fugitives, and their attendants, put under arrest. Whilst on the way home, Mr. Grady and his fair companion slept in the same chamber, and lived together as man and wife. They arrived yesterday by the Britannia, from Liverpool, and were landed at the Customhouse-quay, at two o'clock in the afternoon. They were immediately conveyed in a carriage to the Head Office, and there ushered into a private room. Four o'clock was appointed for the examination, which was to be strictly private. Previous to that time the friends of the young lady arrived at the office, and she was without delay admitted to bail—herself in L. 200, and two sureties in L. 100 each, to answer the charge of Henry Deane Grady, Esq. at the ensuing Commission. The servants were privately examined, and bail, we understand, will be also required for their appearance. Mr. H. D. Grady, we believe, intends to proceed by indictment against all the parties aiding and abetting, for a conspiracy.—Amongst them is the mother of Miss Richards, *alias* Mrs. Grady, from whom bail will be also required. Mr. Grady, jun., it is said, will be admitted in evidence against Mrs. Richards. The parties on both sides are highly respectable. The young lady, we have heard it stated, will be entitled to a fortune of £2,000. She is rather interesting in appearance, and from the light and airy manner in which she tripped up the stairs of the Police Office, in company with her husband, she seemed to augur the best prospects upon the interesting occasion. The young gentleman has an extremely youthful look, indicative of his age, not more than sixteen. Both seemed to be much fagged by the journey. One of the waiters, a plain spoken Paddy, described the expedition in ludicrous terms. Being asked by the Magistrates who was the person who performed the marriage ceremony, he replied in his native idiom—"Musha troth, plase your worship, he was very like yourself—he had a black coat and a white handkerchief, and he made them hould up their hands, and then he tould them they were married. And plase, your worship, when Master Grady, and he's my master still, axed wod I follow him, I said I'd follow him to the world's end, and farther if he plased.

The other parties were subsequently examined—Johnson, with Lynch and wife, are committed to Kilmainham for trial, and the servant maid has been held over until this day, to give her an opportunity of finding bail.

Many rumours are afloat as to the conduct of the parties in this very curious case. The facts will transpire on the trial, at the ensuing Commission; and until then it would be idle to notice the flying reports, which are in circulation.

SMOKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR—Knowing the entirely independent principles on which your Journal is conducted, and your willingness at all times to concede to the well known motto of "*audi alteram partem.*" I beg you to insert a few observations in favour of a set of individuals, against whom of late, a most furious war of ridicule, and as it appears to me, of most ridiculous argument, has been commenced. I allude, Sir, to the persecuted smokers.

It is alleged by some, that it is impossible to enter a tavern without being stifled with their fumes. Now it is well known that there are very few taverns where smoking is allowed at all; and if so allowed, it is in a particular room allotted for that distinct purpose, and where no one need enter to whom the practice is unpleasant.

By others, that none but apprentices and shopmen, or others of this stamp, make use of the "*weed.*" Why, Sir, I could mention some of the proudest names of Britain, who are professed smokers, and in nearly the whole of our regiments, particularly in the crack ones, is this custom universal.

Again, that it undermines the constitution, reduces the physical energy, and gives an emaciated appearance to the countenance. For my part, the British youth seem as healthy as ever they were known to be; in London we must not look for the bloom of the country; it never existed here, and therefore smoking cannot have destroyed it. The Turks are confessed to be the finest and most muscular men in Europe, and they rank amongst the most decided lovers of a pipe. The Spaniards, perhaps, in personal appearance, come next; and they all smoke. I never heard of the inhabitants, of Germany or Holland being designated as an enervated race, and they perhaps carry their *cloud compelling* propensities to excess.

Nineteen out of twenty Ladies, on being questioned, prefer the cigar-smoker to the snuff-taker; by numbers of my fair country women, the perfume of a good cigar is pronounced odoriferous and grateful; this I can vouch from personal experience.

In fine, Sir, I conceive the censurers of this recreation to be a few decayed old rakes, whose shattered nerves will not admit of their participating in this luxury, and like the dog in the fable, would also, if possible, prevent others from doing so.

Begging your pardon for trespassing thus on your valuable columns, I remain, Your very obedient servant,

VIATOR.

Miscellanea.

"Old Hat."

I had a hat—It was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.
A change came o'er the colour of my hat,
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)
The wonder now was two-fold—and it seemed
Strange, that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might——but let that pass;
I had my reasons which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on,
Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn brown
And frosty winter came,—and went, and came,
And still, through all the seasons of two years
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could insconce
His caput in a covering so vile.
A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but bold—no matter what was said;
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will—
The hat was now, greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright;—
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length the circling months went round
The period was accomplished—and one day
This battered, brown, old, greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze: the hand of scorn
With its unmoying finger, men, and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokless, laughless, growlless
And last, not least of rescued blessings, love,
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould;
And then the laugh was mine, for then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas A HAT."

Lit. Gazette.

Johnny the Laird's Brither.—The subject of the following anecdote was the only brother of Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen, Forfarshire, of which county he was representative for many successive parliaments. Poor Johnny (who was what in common Scottish parlance is called a haveral, viz. a natural fool. But in Johnny's muddled cranium there were some crevices stuffed with strange and unaccountable observation, and during his lucid intervals, truly electrifying flashes of wit and satire beamed from his generally unirradiated upper-story. The present anecdote affords an instance of a power of combination and invention almost unique in a reputed haverel. At one of his brother's electioneering feasts happened to be a Mrs. Geikie, the *gaucy gudewife* of an honest grocer in Cupargus. This worthy woman was blessed with a truly edifying gift of the gab, and, indeed, her sole pleasure in life appeared to consist in hearing and making others hear the accents of her melodious tongue. She was, as usual, spinning a yarn, which Johnny said afterwards, "Nae doot it was a meerikill to say't, but that wife's clashes hae nather beginnin, nor end." At last, being obliged to pause for lack of breath, Johnny relieved the guard, not less to her confusion than to the amazement of the company. "O! man, Geordy," says he, addressing his brother, "I had an awsome dream last night." "Hadye, my man," said Mr. Dempster, clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "What sort o'dream was't Johnny?" "O! Geordy, d'yeken, I dreamt I was deed. (1) Weel, man, I gade awa to Heeven's yett (2) and wha saw I there, think ye, sirsha! but the archangel Gabriel, wi' a great muckle flaming sword in's hand, Gin I had been a leevin' body, and no a ghaist, I wad hae swarfed (3) at the vera sight o'him. Ye need no doot but mony mare beside me were eutling (4) to win in at the yett, but hech sirs, the fiery sword made an unco skaling (5) o' them awa to a place I'm laith to gie a name to' Aweel, quo' I to myself he'll surele ken me; so up I gangs till him. But, Lord haemercy on's a'! what a grusome (6) face he put on; 'Wha's dog are ye?" quo' he. 'D'ye no ken me, Gabriel,' quo' I, 'that's unco queer to, for *I ken you brawly*; I'm Johnny Dempster, the laird o' Dunnicken's brither.' 'Fient a hair are ye the better o' that,' quo' he; 'he's ane o' Satan's Parliamentors (*hear ye that, Geordy?*) and ye being sib till him canna come in here. Swith, awa wi' ye, or ghaist as ye are, I'll make ye shorter by the craig.' (7) Weel, I saw naething for't but to creep into a corner, and may be, thinks I, I'll get in *hedgingwise*, when his back's turned. But, gudesake, wha should come up amang ithers but our gude freend Mrs. Geikie, ower there. Forrit she gade, hap, step, and lowp, and wha, for no, she was aye a wonderfu' woman, and her gudeman Saunders, there, is as sponsible a carle as ony in a' Angus. Gabriel taks a gang look at her, and at last, says he, 'This is no a place for the like a' you ma leddy.' Ye a' ken our freends's abeelities in the way o' speaking:—she began ane o' her lang stories till him, but I trow before she was half dune. Gabriel, cried out like a demented creature, 'Gang in woman, I wadna be troubled wi' your infernal clock for a' heeven itsell.'"

4 Endeavouring. 5 Scattering. 6 Horrible
7 Neck. 8 Swim. 9 Fly.

1 Death. 2 Gate. 3 Swooned.

"During my stay at St. Petersburgh," says Mr. Holman, "the following singular story was spoken of as having occurred at this place:—Two gentlemen had contracted a bitter and irreconcileable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within 24 hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a colour to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded to disinter the corpse, with a view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin, and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging; when, to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was able to move off in its shroud, and regain its master's habitation, which it entered, to the great terror of the inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, they were reassured and, the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in; which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, till the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character."

PORTUGUESE ASSASSINS.—For the office of assassin, the very lowest order of negroes are hired, and these wretches undersell the Lisbon galleygoes completely; a class of cachaca (a species of rum) being with many a sufficient incentive. Their manner of setting to work is worthy of remark. They need no stiletto, ferro de gaiola (bird cage awl), or any other weapon. In lieu of all these, they use only the head, and with it they but like bulls at the chest of their victim. I saw a field officer who had been murdered in this manner, and thrown over the wall into his own garden where his family found him in the morning; the upper part of the body was flattened, as if the implement of death had been a mallet. I had an opportunity of observing the dexterity with which negroes effect the work of murder, whilst standing talking to a friend near the residence of the Pope's Nuncio. A carriage was drawn up at the door of the house, and the coachman and lacquey were lounging against the stone posts on either side of the door. A negro slave going along the street passed betwixt the house and the carriage. So good an opportunity of mortifying a poor half-naked negro was too good to let slip, and the coachman gave him a very severe cut with his whip over the bare shoulders, which raised a welt as thick as my finger. The poor creature writhed with pain, upon which the blow was repeated, and the footman then seized the whip, and amused himself in a similar manner. I could not help expressing my astonishment at the negro's remaining there under such evident suffering, instead of attempting to escape, and but for the fear of Popish vengeance, if I had dared take the part of a negro against domestics of the Grand Lama's representative, I should certainly have interfered.—Blacky had however, his reason for thus appearing passive; he was watching his moment, and having found it, a flash of lightening is not more prompt than were his movements. With his head couched low, he butted at the coachman's stomach, which having the wall immediately behind him, was settled in the twinkling of an eye; then turning suddenly at the lacquey, the negro gave him, with the the sole of his foot, a kick in the stomach with such force and dexterity, that he stretched him lifeless. Leaving both his victims, he then took to his heels with the swifness of a deer, to our no small satisfaction at seeing such gratuitous and unprovoked brutality receive its due reward.—*Sketches of Portuguese Life and Character.*

EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE.

[FROM THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE (U. T.) AUG. 8,]

We are authorised to announce to the public, that on Saturday, the 8th day of September next (Saturday last), at three o'clock P. M., the large and staunch-built schooner Michigan, burthen 136 tons, will make her grand descent through the Rapids, and over the fall of Niagara.

A number of gentlemen on both sides of the river have united in the purchase of this vessel, for the purpose of treating themselves and their friends to a spectacle, which, in point of magnificence and awful grandeur, can hardly be equalled by the combinations of nature and art in any other part of the world.

The hatches, companion-way, and windows of the Michigan, will be securely closed, so as to prevent the intrusion of water; and if she shall be so fortunate as to pass the Rapids and reach the head of the fall at the Horse Shoe, uninjured, it is believed that she will effect the perpendicular leap of 160 feet without breaking, as the basin in which she will light is probably five or six hundred feet in depth, and the buoyancy of the vessel will prevent her from reaching the rocks at the bottom. She will be towed by boats to the entrance of the Rapids, so as to give her the most safe and eligible direction; and she will carry on her deck a number of living animals of the greatest bone and muscle (such as bears, dogs, cats, &c.), the greatest part and probably the whole of which, it is confidently anticipated, will survive the shock without injury, and will be seen, after a proper time, emerging from the abyss, and wending their way to the shores from whence they were respectively taken.

The most eligible positions for witnessing this exhibition, will be found on Goat or Iris Island, and on the British shore; or (for those who wish to add to the scene a little more of the terrific), the basin below the falls.

Discovery of Ancient Classics.—Monsignor Angelo Mai, the librarian of the Vatican, who has made so many important discoveries of classical works amongst the manuscripts in that library, has just published a second quarto volume of recovered fragments of antiquity; amongst which are portions of Diodorus Siculus, 134 pages; of Dion Cassius, 130 pages: of Polybius, 92 pages; of Dionysius Halicarnassus, 61 pages; of Eunapius, Dozippus, Menander, Appian, &c. The parchment on which these works were written, was used by the monks to transcribe the writings of the fathers upon, after the original characters were effaced; but M. Mai has discovered a means of restoring these characters, by applying a solution of nutgalls, which form the basis of ink, without effacing the letter-writing.

Travelling Fields.—The Abbé Andluz relates in 'Le Globe,' that as he was on day making the best of his way over a mountain in the Alleghany range, he suddenly felt the soil move under his feet, and perceived that a tolerably large-sized field well covered with trees, was rapidly travelling down towards the plain, whither he quickly arrived without the least inconvenience. These moving landscapes are common in those hills.

In the very deep and narrow valleys which intersect a branch of the Black Mountains in South Wales, a very singular spectacle may be witnessed in the early spring months. During winter, the frosts, which are exceedingly severe in those elevated regions, produce vast icicles on the jagged and beetling rocks which overhang the valleys. Sometimes they are as large in diameter as the trunk of a tree, and have the appearance of long inverted obelisks. Detached from the rocks by the sun's warmth, these icy columns are dashed down in ten thousand glittering fragments along the cliffs, and have then the appearance of huge pillars of diamond hurled from some fairy battlements. It is delightful to gaze from a distance at these thundering masses, but it would be death to stand within reach of the enormous splinters that fly around on all sides as they fall.—*Weekly Review.*

The Morning Chronicle September 3.

HYDRAULICS.—Mr. J. M. Cooper, of Guilthall (Vermont), has just invented a machine of great power, a model of which he is now exhibiting. It consists of a cylinder, eight inches long, by as many in diameter, with a winch, the two extremities of which are attached to a pivot. The strength of four men is sufficient to make it throw constantly a stream of water, three quarters of an inch in thickness, 120 feet distance, in a straight line, and more than 90 feet perpendicular height. It is said that this machine is constructed upon quite a new principle. The inventor has given it the name of the Rotatory Pistongh, althou, in point of fact, it has neither piston or valve. It has rather the appearance of a wheel which forms a vacuum on one side, and a strong compression on the other. The volume of the water raised by it at a single turn surpasses, it is said, that of the ordinary pumps, as well as the fire-engines. A manufactory has been established for making it upon a large scale, and agent have been sent to Europe, to prepare for its introduction in England and France.—*French Paper.*

The application of the chloride of lime as a preventive of the danger which so often arises from the accumulation of inflammable gas in coal mines, in addition to its valuable property of destroying putrid miasma, and, in general, every species of putrid exhalation was lately rather frequently discussed. We have recently learned some particulars of the experiments made with the chloride on board of the *Argonaut* hospital ship, of which, as they may lead to the most beneficial results, we hasten to give a few extracts.—"A pipkin containing a few ounces of the solution of the chloride (the cost of which does not exceed two pence) placed in any place where a putrescent smell has become insufferable, will have the effect of completely purifying the air for days afterwards. A solution of the same nature has been used on board the *Argonaut* as a topical application, for arresting the decomposition of animal matter in foul ulcers, &c. with the most decided advantage. Thirty Dutch patients were on the orlop deck of the *Argonaut* at Sheerness, afflicted with a dysentery of a very aggravated nature, and one half of that number with frost-bitten and gangrenous feet; after sprinkling the deck twice or thrice a day with a solution of the chloride, the most fastidious might have visited the deck without discovering any unpleasant effluvium. Whenever hydrogen is to be found, the affinity of the chloride is so great, that it immediately seizes on and destroys it. The solution may be employed with the greatest effect in private houses, either in sick chambers, or generally wherever an offensive smell prevails."—*Brussels Paper.*

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

By Allen Cunningham.

I have seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his; of both I wish to speak, and my words shall be spoken with honesty and freedom. They were great though unequal heirs of fame. Their fortunes and their birth were widely dissimilar; yet in their passions and in their genius they approached to a closer resemblance. Their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendours of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune, by the richness of her benefactions, the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both. I have hearkened to words from their lips, and admired the labours of their pens, and I am now, and likely to remain, under the influence of their magic songs. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have surpassed. But it is less my wish to draw the characters of those extraordinary men, than to write what I remember of them; and I will say nothing that I know not to be true, and little but what I saw myself.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and, while I write this, I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O'Shanter. He was tall, and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the characters of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength; and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.

The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of Childe Harold. He stoods up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full manly melody of the voice of Burns; nor had he the equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew, down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington. His bust by Thorvaldson is feeble and mean; the painting of Philips is more noble, and much more like. Of Burns I have never seen aught but a very uninspired resemblance, and I regret it the more, because he had a look worthy of the happiest effort of art—a look beaming with poetry and eloquence.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it. He had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know, that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons, of the volunteer, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add, that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verses than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

From the day of his return home, till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history—of his person—of his works—of his family—of his fame—and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was say-

—the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one), were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

His good humour was unruffled and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by his bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity, than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world. He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly, and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry, made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remissions from labours, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them in some important points of human speculation and religious hope, were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

Of the dying moments of Byron, we have no minute nor very distinct account. He perished in a foreign land, among barbarians or aliens, and he seems to have been without the aid of a determined physician, whose firmness or persuasion might have vanquished his obstinacy. His aversion to bleeding was an infirmity which he shared with many better regulated minds; for it is no uncommon belief that the first touch of the lancet will charm away the approach of death, and those who believe this are willing to reserve so decisive a spell for a more momentous occasion. He had parted with his native land in no ordinary bitterness of spirit; and his domestic infidelity had rendered his future peace of mind hopeless. This was aggravated from time to time by the tales or the intrusion of travellers, by reports injurious to his character, and by the eager and vulgar avidity with which idle stories were circulated, which exhibited him in weakness or in folly.—But, there is every reason, to bilive that long before his untimely dest he his native land was as bright as ever in his fancy, and that his anger, conceived against the many for the sins of the few, had subsided or was subsiding. Of Scotland, and of his Scottish origin, he has boasted in more than one place of his poet y; he is proud to, remember the land of his mother, and to sing that he is half a Scot by birth, and a whole one in his heart. Of his great rival in popularity, Sir Walter Scott, he speaks with kindness; and the compliment he has paid him has been earned by the unchangeable admiration of the other. Scott has ever spoken of Byron as he has lately written, and all those who know him will feel that this consistency is characteristic.—The news of Byron's death came upon London like an earthquake; and although the common multitude are ignorant of literature, and destitute of feeling for the higher flights of poetry, yet they consented to feel by faith, and believed, because the newspapers believed, that one of the brightest lights in the firmament of poesy was extinguished for ever. With literary men, a sense of the public misfortune was mingled, perhaps, with a sense that a giant was removed from their way; and that they had room now to break a lance with an equal, without the fear of being overthrown by fiery impetuosity and collossal strength. But among those who feared him, or envied him, or loved him, there are none who sorrow not for the national loss, and grieve not that Byron fell so soon, and on a foreign shore.

When Burns died, I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy, and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several elder people were with me.—He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom in Scotland to "wake" the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours—but in silence or in prayer; superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone—and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honor; but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

I am to speak the feelings of another people, and of the customs of a higher rank, when I speak of lying out the body of Byron for the grave. It was announced from time to time that he was to be exhibited in state, and the progress of the embellishments of the poet's bier was recorded in the pages of an hundred publications. They were, at length, completed, and to separate the curiosity of the poor from the admiration of the rich, the latter were indulged with tickets of admission, and a day was set apart for them to go and wander over the decked room and emblazoned bier. Peers and peeresses, priests, poets, and politicians came in gilded chariots and in hired hacks to gaze upon the splendour of the funeral preparations, and to see in how rich and how vain a shroud the body of the immortal had been hid. Those idle trappings, in which rank seeks to mark its altitude above the vulgar, belonged to the state of the peer rather than to the state of the poet; genius required no such attractions; and all this magnificence served only to divide our regard with the man whose inspired tongue was now silenced for ever. Who cared for Lord Byron the peer, and the privy counsellor, with his coronet, and his long descent from princes on one side, and from heroes on both; and who did not care for George Gordon Byron the poet, who has charmed us, and will charm our descendants with his deep and impassioned verse! The homage was rendered to genius, not surely to rank—for lord can be stamped on any clay, but inspiration can only be impressed on the finest metal.

Of the day on which the multitude were admitted, I know not in what terms to speak. I never surely saw so strange a mixture of silent sorrow and of fierce and intractable curiosity. If one looked on the poet's splendid coffin with deep awe, and thought of the gifted spirit which had lately animated the cold remains, others regarded the whole as a pageant or a show, got up for the amusement of the idle and the careless, and criticised the arrangements in the spirit of those who wish to be rewarded for their time, and who consider that all they condescend to visit should be according to their own taste. There was a crushing, a trampling, and an impatience, as rude and as fierce as ever I witnessed at a theatre; and words of incivility were bandied about, and questions asked with such determination to be answered, that the very mutes, whose business was silence and repose, were obliged to interfere with tongue and hand between the visitors and the dust of the poet. In contemplation of such a scene, some of the trappings which were there on the first day were removed on the second, and this suspicion of the good sense and decorum of the multitude called forth many expressions of displeasure, as remarkable for their warmth as their propriety of language. By five o'clock the people were all ejected—man and woman—and the rich coffin bore tokens of the touch of hundreds of eager fingers—many of which had not been over clean.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks, persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step, and the military array—with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene; and had no connection with the poet. I looked on it then, and I consider it now, as no idle ostentation, a piece of superfluous state which might have been spared, more especially as his neglected and traduced and insulted spirit had experienced no kindness in the body from those lofty people who are now proud of being numbered as his coevals and countrymen. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland; but the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate—Otway's loaf—Dryden's old age—and Chatterton's poison-cup we may think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting preeminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever. There was a pase among the mourners, as if loath to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade, by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight. I notice this, not from my concurrence in the common superstition, that "happy is the corpse which the rain rains on," but to confute a pious fraud of a religious magazine, which made heaven express its wrath at the interment of a profane poet, in thunder, in lightning, and in rain. I know not who wrote the story, and I wish not to know; but its utter falsehood thousands can attest. It is one proof out of many, how divine wrath is found by dishonest zeal in a common commotion of the elements, and that men whose profession is godliness and truth, will look in the face of heaven and tell a deliberate lie.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave. His coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of their empty carriages followed the mourning coaches, mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury? Where were the men of rank, among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers? Where were the great Whigs? Where were the illustrious Tories? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away? But, above all, where were, the friends with whom wedlock had united him? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. I have no wish to set myself up as a judge in domestic infelicities, and I am willing to believe teey were separated in such a way as rendered conciliation hopeless; but who could stand and look on his pale manly face and his dark locks, which early sorrows were making thin and gray, without feeling that, gifted as he was with a soul above the mark of other men, his domestic misfortunes called for our pity as his genius called for our admiration.

When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh. I shall never forget the looks of his boys and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he honoured then, and is honored now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NAPOLEON.

It has been generally reported that Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, has given some original information respecting the battle of Waterloo, which he obtained from the Duke of Wellington. We can state, upon good authority, that the above report is not true. Sir Walter certainly did try to get at some of the Duke's private opinions respecting this famous battle; but his Grace's reply was merely, "Why, the French peppered us mostd——ly, but we peppered them better."—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR—The degree of credit due to the Author of Waverley's statements respecting the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena, may be estimated from a comperison of a few of those statements with authenticated facts.

ASSERTIONS.	FACTS.
Author of Waverley's Life of Napoleon. Vol. 9, page 136, line 5 from the top. "At no time had Great Britain recognised him as Emperor of France."	Extract. Protocol of the Conferences of Chatillon sur Seine, Feb. 4, 1814. Sitting of the 17th of February, Suite of the Protocol. In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. ARTICLE 1.—There shall be peace and friendship between their Imperial Majesties of Austria and Russia, his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and his Majesty the King of Prussia, acting at the same time in the name of all their Allies, and his Majesty the Emperor of the French, their heirs and successor for ever, the High Contracting Parties engage, &c. &c. &c. (Signed) CAULAINCOURT, Duc de Vicence. ABERDEEN. CATHCART. Comte de RAZOUMOWSKI. HUMBOLDT. Comte de STADION. CHAR. STEWART, Lieut.-General. This document was read by Sir Robert Wilson, in his place in the House of Commons, in the presence of the late Marquess of Londonderry, who, when questioned by Sir Robert, admitted it to be authentic.
Author of Waverley's Life of Napoleon. Vol. 9, page 94, line eleven from the bottom: "Napoleon's conduct in loading Captain Maitland with the charge of laying snares for him, while his own conscience so far acquitted that brave officer, that he pressed upon him thanks, and yet more substantial evidence of his favourable opinion, can, we are afraid, only be imputed to a predominant sense of his own interest, to which he was not unwilling to have sacrificed the professional character and honourable name of an officer, to whom, on other occasions, he acknowledged himself obliged."	The following extract from observations upon Lord Bathurst's speech, signed by Napoleon, addressed to Lord Liverpool, on the 7th of Oct. 1817, and published 1818, by Messrs. Longman and Rees, shews, that Napoleon distictly admitted that Captain Maitland did not lay a snare for him. No declaration could be more explicit. He never retracted it:— TRANSLATION. "Napoleon traversed the deck to descend into the sloop, and with a smile upon his lips, having at his side Admiral Keith. He stopt before Captain Maitland, charged him to testify his satisfaction to the officers and crew of the Bellerophon, and seeing him extremely grieved, said to him, by way of consolation, 'Posterity cannot in any way accuse you for what is taking place; you have been deceived as well as myself."'
Vol. 9, page 140, line ten from the top, and subsequent lines. "Napoleon had but to imitate other Sovereigns, who, either when upon foreign travel, or when other circumstances require it, usually adopt a convenient appellation. But it seems that Napoleon, more tenacious of form than a Prince who had been cradled in it, considered this veiling of his dignity as as too great a concession on his part to be granted to the Governor of Saint Helena."	Extract from a written paper sent by Napoleon to Sir Hudson Lowe, on the 16th of Oct. 1816, with a proposal from Napoleon to assume either the name of Colonel Meuron, who had been killed by his side at Arcole, or that of Baron Duroc. TRANSLATION. "Arrived on board of the Northumberland, I was informed that I was a prisoner of war; that I was to be transported beyond the line, and to be styled General Bonaparte. In opposition to this title, which it was wished to impose upon me, I was obliged to bear, ostensibly, my title of Emperor."
Page 141, line 5 from the top. "Napoleon was determined to be acknowledged by the Governor as Emperor or to retain its grievance in its full extent. No modification could be devised, by which it could be rendered palatable."	Seven or eight months ago Count Montholon proposed to remedy the little difficulties which were produced every moment by adopting an ordinary name. The Admiral thought it to be his duty to write on the subject to London, there the matter at present rests. "A name is now given to me, which has the advantage of not prejudicing the past, but which is not in the forms of society; I am always disposed to take a name which enters into ordinary usage.
Vol. 9, page 185, first line from the top, and note. "The wine was, generally speaking, excellent in quality, and of the first price; and although there	List of foreigners at the Establishment of Longwood and Hutt's Gate, Oct. 1816. Napoleon. Count and Countess Bertrand and three

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was too much said and thought about the quantity consumed yet it was furnished, as we shall hereafter see, in a quantity far beyond the limits of ordinary conviviality."

* The claret, for example, was that of Carbonelli's, at 6*l.* per dozen, without duty. Each domestic of superior rank was allowed a bottle of this wine, which is as choice, as dear certainly, as could be brought to the table of Sovereigns. The labourers and soldiers had each, daily, a bottle of Teneriffe wine, of excellent quality.

Ditto, page 270, line 11 from the bottom.

"He (Lord Bathurst) gave some details on the subject of the provisions and the cellars, from which it appeared, that besides the inferior species of wine, the table of Napoleon was supplied at the rate of two bottles daily of those of superior quality for each individual."

children.
Count and Countess Montholon, one child.
Count de Las Cases
Baron de Las Cases
General Gourgaud
Captain Piontkowski.

SUPERIOR ATTENDANTS.

Marchand | Cipriani
St. Denis | Pieron.

Nine inferior Attendants, in all 22 persons and 4 children.

Daily allowance of superior Wines granted by Sir Hudson Lowe, October, 1816:—

Claret..... 6 Bottles.
Madeira..... 1 do.
Constantia 1 Pint.
Barsac, or Vin de Grave., 1 do.

At one time ten bottles of Champaigne were allowed monthly in addition, but subsequently it has been altered to one bottle of Barsac (or Vin de Grave) and one of Champagne, alternately.

Copied from the Schedule to that effect, and sent to the Purveyor by Sir Hudson Lowe.

During the administration of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, 17 bottles of Claret, and two of Madeira (besides other wines), were allowed daily, for the same number of persons. It should be borne in recollection, that the quantity of wine used by the French at the *déjeuné à la fourchette*, is about equivalent to the consumption at dinner; and that in France, wine is a necessary of life, and not an article of luxury.

Vol. 9. Page 203, line 6, from the top.

Extract of a letter from Count Montholon, written and sent to Sir Hudson Lowe, by order of Napoleon, on the 8th of July, 1816, in reply to one from the latter, on the preceding day:—

"TRANSLATION.

"If you have any intention of building, it would be preferable to do so in the cultivated part of the island in a place where there are trees, water, and vegetation. The idea of adding wings to the bad building of Longwood, would involve all kinds of inconveniences. It would be enlarging a a ruin, and occasioning, for five or six months, all the annoyance of workmen."

"And the Governor, he alleged that there was no getting Napoleon to express a fixed opinion on the situation, or the plan or to say whether he would prefer a thorough repair of the whole house."

He, Napoleon, according to Sir Hudson Lowe's own averment, never intimated any specific wish upon the subject, nor would condescend to say distinctly in what place it (the house) "should be erected."

Vol. 9, page 258, line the last.

"Cipriani, the major-domo, had contracted the illness which carried him off, being a species of consumption before he left Europe."

Cipriani, from the time he left Europe, until the Monday preceding his death, which occurred on Friday, the 27th of February, 1818, had been in the most robust health. His complaint was inflammation of the bowels, a malady very prevalent in St. Helena. He was attended in his illness by Surgeon Henry, of the 66th Regiment, as well as by Mr. O'Meara; and was also visited by Mrs. Baxter, Inspector of Hospitals. These Gentlemen are alive, and can all of them refute the assertion of the Author of Waverly as to the cause of Cipriani's death.

Vol. 9, page 268, line 14 from the bottom.

"He (Lord Bathurst) repelled, with most flat contradiction, the assertion of Montholon, that the Governor of St. Helena had broken open and detained letters, under pretence that they did not come through the channel of the English Minister; Lord Bathurst said that General Montholon had been challenged by Sir Hudson Lowe, to produce a single instance of such tyranny having been permitted; but that the French General had remained silent, the assertion being absolutely false."

Extract of a Letter sent by Count Montholon to Sir Hudson Lowe, dated Longwood, 9th of September, 1816.

"I have received your two letters, &c.

"A Lieutenant of the New-castle having been the bearer of a letter to Count Las Cases, you kept that letter; but the officer deeming his delicacy compromised, you transmitted it thirty days after it had reached this Island."

Ditto, Vol. 9, page 256, line 12 from the bottom.

General Gourgaud's real opinion of the health of Napoleon, and of his treatment at St. Helena, may be learned from his letter to the Empress Maria Louisa, dated London, 25th of August, 1818, and published in *The Morning Chronicle*, on the 14th of October in the same year.

"On the subject of General Buonaparté health, General Gourgaud stated, that the English were much imposed upon, for that he was not, as far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered; and that the representations made upon this subject had little, if any, truth in them. Dr. O'Meara was certainly the dupe of that influence which General Buonaparte always exercises over those with whom he has intercourse; and and though he General Gourgaud, individually had only reason *de se louer de* Mr. O'Meara, yet his intimate knowledge of General Buonaparte enabled him confidently to assert, that his state of health was not at all worse than it had been for some time previous to his arrival at St. Helena."

Vol. 9, page 162, line 9, from the bottom.

"While upon that Island, he (General Gourgaud) took less share in Napoleon's complaints and quarrels with the Governor than either Generals Bertrand or Montholon, or Count Las Cases; avoided all appearance of intrigue with the inhabitants and was regarded by Sir Hudson Lowe as a brave and loyal soldier, who followed his Emperor in adversity, without taking any part in those proceedings which the Governor considered as prejudicial to his own authority: as such he is uniformly characterised in Sir Hudson Lowe's dispatches to the Government."

TRANSLATION.

"Madame—I venture to hope that you will pardon me the melancholy duty, which at this moment, I fulfil, in making known to you that the Emperor Napoleon is lying in the most dreadful torments, and in the most prolonged agony. Yes, Madam, he to whom, both by divine and human laws, you are united by the most sacred ties—he, whom you have seen receive the homage of almost all the Sovereigns in Europe—he, over the fate of whom I have seen you shed so many tears, when he quitted you, perishes by the most cruel death, captive on a rock, in the midst of the ocean, 2,000 leagues from the object of his dearest affections—alone, without friends without relations, without intelligence of his wife or children, without any consolation."

"It would be said, that the Sovereign of Europe, after having conquered the great Napoleon, abandoned him to his most cruel enemies; those who would make him die of the most prolonged and the most barbarous torments; the duration of agony induced him to request more speedy executioners—he appeared to be forgotten, and without help; but Maria Louisa was true to him, and his life has been saved."

"Ah, Madam, in the name of what you hold dearest in the world, of your reputation, of your duty, of your future happiness, do every thing to save the Emperor; the shade of Mari Theresa commands you to do it."

Vol. 9, page 277, line 2 from the bottom.

"Napoleon had never obeyed his (O'Meara's) medical instructions, but he complained severely when he was recalled from his household, expressing his belief, that the depriving him of the medical attendant—whose prescriptions he had never followed—was a direct and bold step in the plan contrived for murdering him."

Page 258, line 5 from the top.

"The climate of St. Helena I consider healthy; the air is pure and temperate, and Europeans enjoy their health, and retain the vigour of their constitution as in their native country."

The Second Battalion of the 66th Regiment, lost, at St. Helena, fifty-six men, out of a strength of about six hundred; in little more than a year after its arrival there. The Conqueror arrived in 1817, and lost, in about eighteen months, 110 men; besides 107 invalided and sent to England, out of a complement of 600. The Mosquito, complement 100, lost 24. The Racoon, complement 100, lost 16. The Leveret, 75 men, lost 11. The Griffin, 85 men, lost 15, while on the station. Will the author of *Waverley* deny this statement? As it is universally admitted, that the best criterion for estimating the healthiness of unhealthiness of a place situated in the tropics, is by the effects produced by the climate and localities, upon the European residents; and, as the author of *Waverley* professes to have had access to the Foreign Office, will he procure copies of the official returns of the strength of the Europeans employed on the island in the squadron, from October 1815, to May 1821, with the number of the sick, and the death which occurred? The question may be decided by these returns.

It may be proper to remark further, that many of the statements contained in the author of Waverley's Life of Napoleon, are avowedly taken from most suspicious sources for example, from the Memoirs of Fouché, although it has been juridically proved in Paris, that they are a forgery from Madame de Genlis, the authoress of a thousand and one romances of one kind or other, who, with the exception of M. de Bonald and the Abbé de la Mennais, the two great Apostles of Intolerance, is perhaps the veriest bigot that exists in Europe; from the Count de Ségur's Romance, which I have the authority of French General Officers who served in the Russian campaign to state, is about as veridical as the "Jerusalem Delivered," and from the *Vie Privée de Napoleon*, which nobody reads save the Author of "Waverley."

The Author of Waverley holds that the accounts given by Las Cases and Montholon, by O'Meara, and, in fine, by *all* who have expressed themselves favourable towards Napoleon, are to be received with suspicion, as proceeding from persons who were more or less interested in what they stated. But he maintains, that implicit confidence is due to *exparte* statements in Lord Bathurst's office, and particularly to communications, said to have been made by General Gourgaud to the Governor of St. Helena, although he admits that it is probable they were made, in order to obtain for that General favour from the French Government. It is difficult to reconcile these opinions.

The fact is, that General Gourgaud, being for some reasons anxious to return to France, made, for that purpose communications which he knew would be palatable. His plan was in a great measure successful. For first, he was permitted to proceed directly to England, instead of being sent to wait at the Cape of Good Hope, as had been the case with Count Las Cases and others; secondly, he obtained from Sir Hudson Lowe strong letters of recommendation to the English Government, with a view of facilitating his admission into France; to which was added a loan of money, repaid afterwards to Sir Hudson Lowe by Napoleon. The extract given above from General Gourgaud's Letter to the Empress Maria Louisa proves, that he afterwards contradicted fully these delusory communications. It is to be regretted, that the Author of Waverley's impartiality did not permit him to acknowledge, that they were drawn up by Sir Hudson Lowe himself.

The author of Waverley's defence of the system pursued against Napoleon is made on two assumptions—the first, that Napoleon was received by Captain Maitland, as a prisoner of war; and the second, that the rest of pretended disclosures of General Gourgaud are true. With respect to the first, it is certain that Captain Maitland did not receive Napoleon as a prisoner of war; he received him as an illustrious Refugee, whose fate was to be decided on by superior authority.* He declared to him that he did not know what was the intention of the British Government, but that he had no reason to suppose that he would not be well received.

With respect to the second assumption, it has been shewn, that the communications said to have been made by General Gourgaud are not entitled to any credit.

Some curious remarks are to found in the 9th volume of this work; for example, page 130, line 28:—"By his surrender he acquired no right, save to claim safety of life and limb."—If this is true, Napoleon might have been sent to the hulks, as had been the practice towards prisoners of war.

Same volume, page 332, line 7, "Both right or both wrong." The answer to this dilemma is, that supposing each of the facts to be equally wrong, the perpetrator of one of them was, in Napoleon's opinion, as deserving of reward as the perpetrator of the other. The legacy was made in order in to expose his sense of the iniquity of his own doom.

The answer to what the Author of *Waverley* states respecting Mr. O'Meara, may be given thus: Had Sir Hudson been able to prove any thing against Mr. O'Meara, he would have done so. There were two cases only in which had they occurred, Sir Hudson Lowe might with propriety have interfered with Mr. O'Meara, first, if Napoleon had complained against him; and second, if Mr. O'Meara had aided Napoleon in an attempt to escape? Neither of these cases occurred. Sir Hudson Lowe's interference irritated Napoleon, and gave rise to suspicions which were never removed. The interference was therefore, impolitic as well as indecent and cruel. As Mr. O'Meara did not attempt to *aid* the prisoner to escape, and *did* give satisfaction to Napoleon and to his suite, he should not have been interfered with. This satisfaction, and the good will resulting from it with which he was honoured by Napoleon and his suite, are indisputable proofs that his conduct at St. Helena was praiseworthy. In reply to some insinuations made by the Author of *Waverley*, it may be observed, that Mr. O'Meara had no objection to make known to Sir Hudson Lowe occurrences which took place at Longwood, so long as he was authorised so to do by Napoleon—when that authorization was withdrawn, he confined his communications to professional statements.

It would be easy to add other instances of mispresentation, but enough has been stated to shew clearly that the Author of Waverley has paid little attention to Cicero's celebrated maxim relative to the duty of the Historian.

I may be permitted to remark generally of this Book, that where the "Author of Waverley does not quote from authorities more than equivocal, his practice is not to quote any. He affords no means of confirming his assertions when they are true, or of rectifying them when they are false. This would alone be sufficient to destroy the credit of any historical composition. I thought at first that it would die a natural death; but as I find that we are threatened with a second edition of it, I publish this letter.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

BARRY O'MEARA,

18, Montague-square, London, Aug. 24, 1827.

* Vide Captain Maitland's Narrative.

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